HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1520.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

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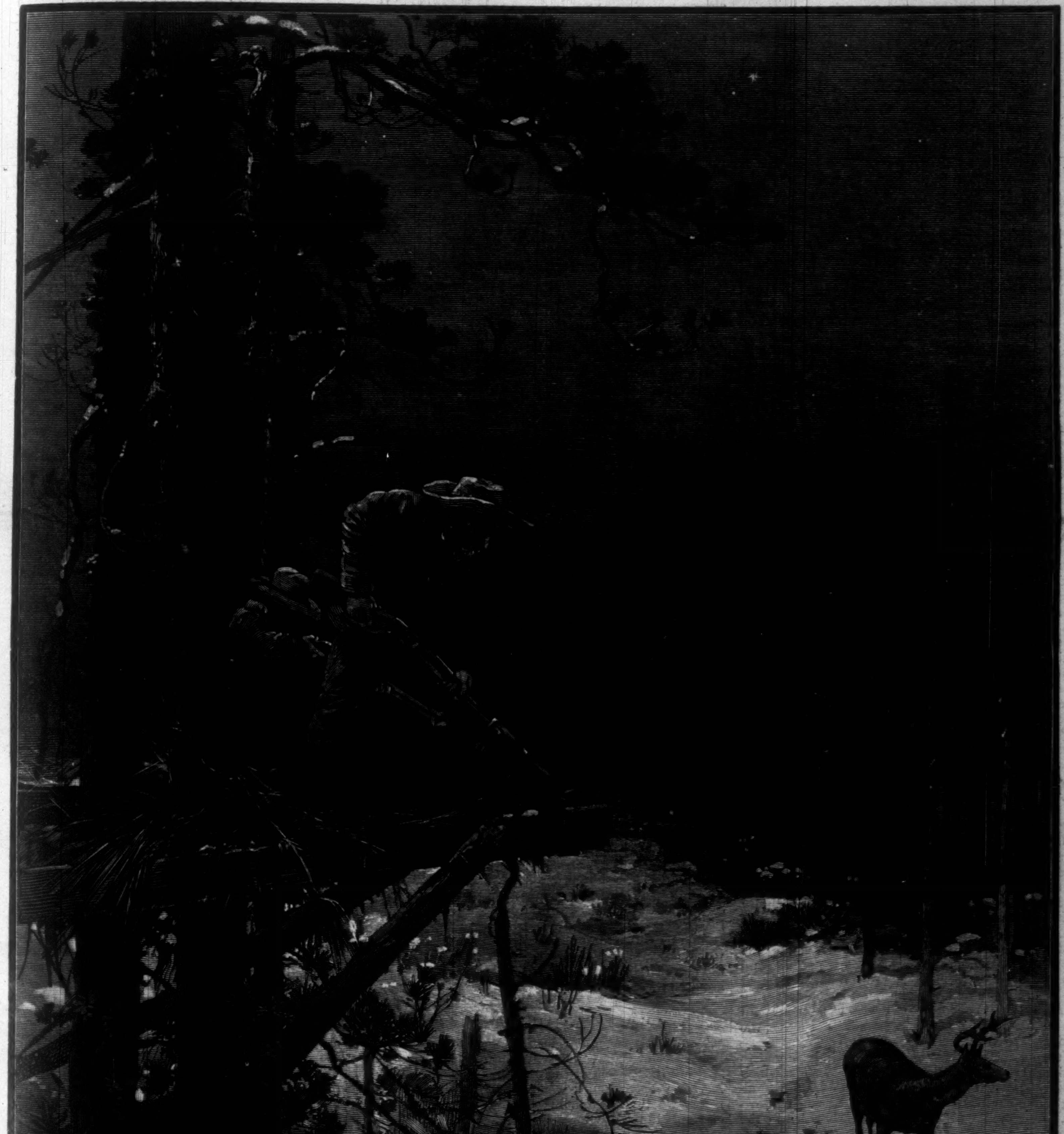

PLATFORM DEER-SHOOTING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 91.]

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The purpose of the writers of articles of this character is not picturesque description and allusion, but plain directions that shall be helpful in actual practice. The writers are persons having intimate acquaintance with the subjects on which they write: in some cases persons who have made a name for themselves in some particular branch of sport or occupation are secured as contributors; in others, the opinions of such persons are sought and reflected by competent writers.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1886.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE EDMUNDS bill providing for the electoral count has twice passed the Senate with practical unanimity. It secures a simple and reasonable and certain solution of what Mr. SHERMAN justly calls "a question that is more dangerous to the future of this country than probably any other." But it is Mr. SHERMAN who now proposes to amend the bill in a way which, in case of a disputed return from a State, practically gives the control of the situation to the House of Representatives. As Mr. EDMUNDS truly remarked, the essential question in the case of dispute is, how shall the vote of the State be ascertained, and Mr. SHERMAN answers, by the majority of members of the House and Senate voting together. The seventy-six Senators and the three hundred and twenty-five Representatives are to be polled as individuals, and the majority is to decide. This is a singular proposition to proceed from a statesman whose views are generally so sound, and it seems to deserve the remark of Mr. HOAR, that it reminded him of Mr. Pickwick's advice to Mr. Tupman. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But," said Mr. Tupman, "suppose there are two mobs?" "Then shout with the largest."

The constitutional intention that the election of President shall be an election by States and not by a numerical popular majority is unmistakable. The States appoint electors, who meet and vote in the State, and the State certifies its choice. When the choice is so divided that there is no election, and the duty of designating the President devolves upon the House of Representatives, the House does not vote as an assembly of individuals, but of States, each delegation casting but one vote. Now the Senate is distinctively the Representative of the States, but Mr. SHERMAN proposes that the Senators shall be lost in the crowd of district representatives. He proposes it, indeed, as the best practicable plan. But it is none the less a surrender of what is at least the equal right of the Senate. Mr. EDMUNDS's bill proceeds throughout upon the constitutional intention of the right and power of the States in the election, and the wholly ministerial function of Congress. If the State sends but one return, and objection is made to its reception, it is to be rejected only by the concurrent vote of the two Houses. If more than one return appears, and it is necessary to decide between them, only that vote is to be counted which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful vote of the State. If the Houses cannot agree, the State loses its vote.

This provision offers the strongest inducement to the State to avail itself of the other provisions which require the State to decide for itself in case of dispute which vote shall stand as that of the State. If, however, there should be two sets of authorities in the State claiming to be lawful, or if for any cause a judicial decision should fail to designate a single vote for the State, and Congress is forced to decide, then with strict regard to the State right and to the equal power of the two Houses, neither House shall prevail over the other, and if they cannot agree, and the State cannot agree, the vote of the State is not to be counted. Nothing could be fairer in itself nor more conformable to the Constitution. The State, indeed, loses its vote, but only when it cannot itself decide what its vote shall be, and when the two Houses of Congress, having equal authority, cannot agree. It would be a misfortune that any State should lose its electoral vote. But it would be a very much greater misfortune if one House of Congress should be allowed to decide what the electoral vote of the State shall be. As a simple, practicable, and satisfactory measure to avert a very great and a very possible catastrophe, the EDMUNDS bill deserves hearty and unanimous support. The necessity of some bill is conceded. No question has been more thoroughly discussed than that of the count, and the EDMUNDS bill has twice received the virtually unanimous support of both parties in the Senate. The passage of such a bill, even if not theoretically perfect, is infinitely preferable to a continuation of the peril to which the country is so needlessly exposed.

THE CONVENTION OF POSTMASTERS.

WE have already spoken of the important Convention of Postmasters, chiefly of the third and fourth classes, which will meet in Chicago in February. It will be an interesting assembly, because the postmasters are the largest body of officers in the civil service, and the whole Post-office question is one of the greatest concern to the country. The particular purpose of the present Convention is to urge upon Congress the desirability and reasonableness of a different and somewhat larger compensation for third and fourth class officers. They are paid by a commission upon the value of cancelled stamps, and the reduction of postage from three to two cents both diminished their income and increased their labor. The fourth-class officers ask to receive the first hundred dollars which are paid them for stamps sold, instead of the first fifty dollars, as now; and the third-class ask the government to pay certain office expenses, and to give to the officers the whole amount received from the rent of boxes, which they are required to furnish at their own cost.

The requests are reasonable, and ought to be granted. They have been recommended, indeed, by more than one Postmaster-General, but in the general rush of business they have been neglected. The petition of such a convention, however, will command attention, and they will now, we hope, be heeded. There are other and very important questions regarding the Post-office which might be properly considered by such a convention of experts. Not only methods of handling and expediting mail matter and other details of administration might be discussed with great advantage, but a question of the highest importance, not only for the interest of the postal service, but of honest politics, is that of the appointment of postmasters. The present system is as bad as can well be. The postmasters in every Congressional district, and especially the third and fourth class officers, are practically appointed by the Representative in Congress from the district. The postmasters, therefore, are apt to be his henchmen, and the post-office is the most active party organization in the district. Every small officer is obliged to pay for his place by liberal gifts to the party treasury, and the "smartest" politician and most liberal bidder usually gets the office.

This disgraceful and corrupt system should be abolished. The election of postmasters has been often suggested, and for the great mass of the offices some suitable form of election might be devised. No system of selection would be perfect, but none could be so bad as selection by the Representative or by a local party committee, except upon the theory that the postal service ought to be regarded as a party and not a public service. Every efficient postmaster who is acceptable to the community which he serves ought to be retained so long as he is efficient, and his successor should be selected because of his fitness and of his acceptability to the community, and not because the Representative wishes to reward a henchman, or the County Committee a worker. The views of a convention of postmasters upon the best method of ascertaining that preference would be interesting. Being in office, they would not necessarily approve the system by which many of them were selected, and by which they are likely to be displaced. We shall watch the proceedings of the Convention with interest and attention.

A LATE PASSAGE AT ARMS.

THE recent encounter in the House between Mr. BOUTELLE, of Maine, and Mr. WISE, of Virginia, was a striking illustration of the miserable game of party. A very proper inquiry was proposed by the Republicans whether certain inscriptions commemorative of events in the war for the Union had been removed, and if so by whose authority, and whether Union soldiers had been removed to make place for Confederate soldiers, and to this a very proper amendment was proposed by the Democrats that the inquiry be extended to the conduct of the preceding Administration in regard to removals and appointments. Upon this a furious appeal was made to the passions of the war by Mr. BOUTELLE, and a very effective rejoinder was made by Mr. WISE, of Virginia, denying that inscriptions had been removed, stating that certain Union soldiers had been dismissed for drunkenness, and others by the orders of MAHONE, a Confederate brigadier, under a Republican Administration, declaring that Confederate soldiers had been appointed to high place by Republican Presidents, and that, as honest and loyal citizens now, they ought not to be ostracized.

It was not an edifying proceeding, for it was a mere partisan cut and thrust, in which the "honors" were clearly with Mr. WISE. But nothing possibly could be gained by such an encounter except exasperation on both sides, and we should hope a clearer general perception in the country of the wanton folly of assuming that ex-Confederate soldiers, who are now perfectly loyal citizens engaged in making laws for the Union, may be taunted for their part in the war.

If any party thinks that it is just or wise or patriotic to insist that those who fought against the Union should be disfranchised or excluded from the public service, let it put forth its declaration in a frank and manly way. But to agree that there shall be no such disfranchisement or exclusion, and that ex-Confederate soldiers may be eligible for Congress, for the cabinet, and for the Presidency, and still to sneer at them and taunt them as traitors and rebels, is not the honorable course of honorable men. If General GRANT was a brave Union soldier and a sound Republican, his spirit and his expressions toward his old opponents may well determine the Republican tone and conduct toward the ex-Confederates. Why should there be objection to extending the proposed inquiry? If the charge be that under a Democratic Administration ex-Confederate soldiers and counsels prevailed to the detriment of Union soldiers, it is surely relevant to inquire whether such detriment was peculiar to a Democratic Administration. If at the dictation of a rebel brigadier a Republican Administration dismissed Union soldiers, why should not that fact be made known to the country? Such dismissals may have been perfectly justifiable, and if President GRANT appointed the rebel Colonel MOSBY to an honorable representative position, there is no intrinsic reason why President ARTHUR should not have heeded the advice of the rebel General MAHONE in making appointments and removals.

But if this be permissible in a Republican—which is undeniable when the motives in giving and following the advice are patriotic and unimpeachable—it is no less permissible in a Democrat, and the refusal to extend the inquiry shows that the object was merely a party advantage under the plea of lofty patriotism. We repeat, if inscriptions have been removed from national property, or faithful and efficient officers have been dismissed because they were Union soldiers, or replaced by others because they were ex-Confederates, let the fact be published throughout the country and the actors condemned, and we shall certainly take our part in condemning them. But if those who demand that the dismissals shall be made known have done the same thing, let us have that fact also as widely published. And when all is done, let us reflect how much has been gained for the Union, for good government, for fraternal feeling, and for the common welfare by the whole proceeding.

THE RETURN OF GLADSTONE.

THE overthrow of the SALISBURY Ministry and the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power may prove to be but a vanishing scene in the phantasmagoria of British politics. The result is at present Tory defeat, but it is not a Liberal triumph. British politics are no longer a contest of two parties. They involve the combinations of two against a third. The statement that Mr. PARNELL may presently turn out the Liberals reveals the situation. He is a dictator who holds the balance of power, and the peace of England and the welfare of the British Empire are more absolutely under his control than under that of any other man. He could, indeed, be baffled by a union of Tories and Liberals. But such a union is not probable, both because of party spirit and of real conviction in the Liberal ranks. It is evidently clear at last to many intelligent Englishmen that the Irish question is not to be settled by what is called firm and energetic administration. Either the grounds of agitation must be removed by a policy which shall commend itself as just and reasonable to intelligent Irishmen, or the country must be held and governed by armed force.

The condition of Irish feeling on all sides is morbid. The Protestant, or Orange, or Ulster, or North of Ireland sentiment is as thoroughly aroused as the Roman Catholic and Nationalist sentiment. The protest of the loyalists against possible abandonment to the nationalists is quite as urgent as the demand of the latter for home rule. The assertion of Mr. PARNELL that home rule means only the rule of the majority, and that the minority ought not to complain, because they will be treated justly, is not satisfactory to those who know that the majority regard the land-owners as invaders and usurpers, and advocate non-payment of rent for the use of such land. The profound perplexity of the Irish situation is not to be explained by any single cause. But one of the chief causes, to say no more, is the fact that the land of a native people which is peculiarly attached to the land is in great part owned by foreigners. To leave this ownership to pass to the Irish people by the gradual course of industry and trade is out of the question. There is nothing which shows that such a process is reasonably possible.

The remedy therefore is heroic, and lies in the use of the supreme imperial power to acquire the land and to enable the natives to obtain possession upon just terms. But to begin by making over the essential local authority to an Irish Parliament, with the expectation that it would fairly carry out the imperial arrangement, is to suppose a disposition and a good faith which it is not clear that circumstances justify. Nevertheless, it is foolish to suppose that any settlement can be made without consultation with the real Irish leaders. Lord SALISBURY's proposal to "proclaim" the League overthrew him at once, and upon a minor question. The Tory mismanagement goes far to justify the sneer that the party has forgotten how to govern, and recalls the gibe of JOHN STUART MILL, "I do not say that every Conservative is stupid, but I do say that stupid people are Conservatives." It is very possible that even English Liberal opinion would not sustain Mr. GLADSTONE in the only policy which seems to promise relief, because such a policy must in a certain degree shock English pride and the English tradition. It is also possible that the demands of Irish leaders would be such as even Mr. GLADSTONE could not approve. But no vituperation or calumny, no cry of treachery, surrender, demagoguery, or vanity, is likely to confuse his judgment or daunt his courage. It is fortunate both for Ireland and for England that one great British statesman still survives.

THE PRESIDENT'S "INFLUENCE."

THERE is a great deal said of the President's abandonment of his "influence" with Congress, and he is plainly accused of betraying causes in which he is known to be interested by refusing to exercise his "influence." This remark seems to have been occasioned by his declaration that he should respect the constitutional rights of Congress, and should expect a similar respect from Congress for the rights of the Executive. This was held to be a great virtue in ANDREW JACKSON, who in every qualification for the Presidency of the United States was wholly inferior to Mr. CLEVELAND.

What is meant by the President's influence with Congress, and how has he abandoned it? He has positive views upon the silver question, as shown in his letter of a year ago and in his Message. In what way can he legitimately influence Congress upon that subject except by message and by private conversations with members? In what other way than these can he honorably obtain votes for any measure or policy in which he is interested? And has he openly or secretly abandoned these methods which fairly belong to him? He has spoken emphatically in public; has he refused to speak in private?

Nobody asserts it. But by influence, as the word is used, is meant simply bribery. That is to say, it is really meant that the President should intimate that members will be heeded in the distribution of patronage for a consideration, namely, support of his views. This is the kind of thing for which MADISON said that a President should be impeached. If for any such motive he should exercise the power of the patronage, he would be guilty, in MADISON's opinion, of a high crime and misdemeanor. Undoubtedly he would. Under any constitutional interpretation of our system it cannot be held that the power of appointment and removal is given to the Executive in order to affect legislation. The whole party system assumes that the President and his party majority in Congress are in accord, and if upon any question or measure they differ, it is monstrous to hold that he may use the patronage to buy supporters. In selecting persons for political offices he will properly choose those who are in political sympathy with him. That is what President CLEVELAND has done. What he has not done, and we believe will not do—although the special Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that presently "the Senate and the President will, as in ANDREW JOHNSON's time, enter into partnership for a division of the public plunder"—what he will not do, is to use the executive patronage to affect Congressional legislation.

"ACTS OF COURTESY."

SINCE GEORGE the Third's time in England, when the proper officer attended in a room convenient to the House of Commons for the purpose of paying members for their votes, and where on one morning one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was paid out to buy a majority for the Ministry, there was no transaction of more unadorned simplicity than the recent giving out of railway passes to members of the New York Assembly by the Clerk, Mr. CHARLES A. CHICKERING, who stood at his desk for the purpose, and called out the names of members, who, according to the *Tribune*, "were so eager to get the passes that they almost trampled over several reporters who were busy writing at their desks."

The passes are gifts from the railroad companies to the members of the Legislature, which makes laws regulating railroads. The member who accepts a pass receives in that form the equivalent of money from those whose interests will be affected by his vote. It is generally supposed that if a man receives money from those who wish his vote, he will be disposed to give it. If a man knows that his vote cast in a certain way will deprive him of comforts and pleasures and emoluments which he would obtain if it were cast in another way, and he has no other personal interest in the vote, it is generally assumed that it will not be cast so as to deprive him of the advantage.

It is undeniable that if a legislator receives a gift of a thousand dollars from a company, and then votes as the company wishes him to vote, he is bribed. What is the word to be used when he receives, let us say, one hundred dollars, or the equivalent of twenty or thirty railroad trips? Suppose that a judge before whom a suit might be brought involving a railroad company should travel to and from his country house upon a free pass of that company, would his judgment for the road have moral weight? Is such a gift an act of respectful courtesy to the judge or the legislator? It is so called. There is, indeed, no record of the giver or receiver of such a gift calling it a bribe. But, oddly enough, no man of common-sense can call it any thing else.

MODERN HEROES.

THE reader whose heart quickens with the story of the wounded PHILIP SIDNEY denying himself the cup of cold water that he might pass it to a dying comrade, need not sigh that the age of such heroism is passed. It is quite as frequent to-day, although it has not the glamour of tradition. The young student, says EMERSON, sighs for the grandeur of the past, but in his own day he may see that of CHARLES the Fifth, of all men born of woman—another, yet the same.

Two or three weeks ago there was a collision upon a bridge of the Alabama division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The bridge fell with the crushed and burning cars, and two brakemen, a fireman, an engineer, and a conductor were killed and wounded. Another conductor, GEORGE L. HARRIS, swam across the freezing river to flag the train coming north, which was due in a few minutes.

On the New York and Long Branch Railroad, a few days later, the locomotive had just entered upon a trestle five hundred feet long over a gulf sixty feet deep, when part of the train was thrown from the track. "Engineer GEORGE CLICKNOR heard the bell, and, looking over his shoulder, saw the cars apparently about to topple over into the gully. His hand was on the throttle, and one pull threw it wide open. The only hope was to speed on to solid land before the cars had time to topple over. The engine, No. 163, fairly jumped. At that instant the rear truck of the last car gave way, letting the end of the car down on the track with a crash that made the twenty passengers in the car think their time had come. Three men ran simultaneously for the rear door and vainly tried to open it. Captain WARREN, of the steamer *St. John*, who was in the closet, kicked the door panel out and called for help, alternately crashing from one side to the other, as the car swayed. Before any one could jump from the windows the train reached solid ground and came to a stand-still." These men are not less heroes than SIDNEY, or the famous Greeks and Romans, and to read of them, as we constantly do, might reconcile the doughtiest skeptic even to reading the newspapers.

NAMES OF PLACES.

A LATE letter from the Washington correspondent of the Peoria (Illinois) *Journal* treats the subject of names in a very gay but very sensible way. The identity of names is the despair of postal clerks, and as the power of the State cannot go further than the prohibition of duplicating the names of places, the remedy is hard to find. The parents of the young Brown, who is born simultaneously in many families, cannot possibly know that they are naming the boy John at the same moment. Yet it is a remarkable fact, stated by the correspondent of the *Journal*, that there has not been a JOHN SMITH in Congress for thirty years. Still an unusual name is a boon to the clerks. "The boys who sit up all night to sort the mail breathe a prayer of thanks when they strike the name of WILLIAM MCADOO, or POLK LAFFOON, or DOWDNEY, RIDDLEBERGER, OUTHWAITE, or WORTHINGTON. There never is any doubt about them."

The correspondent protests against the long names of places which cannot be abbreviated, except, perhaps, Cisco for San Francisco, and the contractions of the names of States. Then he adds that "the most sensible thing on record" is the naming of towns along the Illinois Central Railroad when it was building in 1852–3. There could seem to be no doubt that Onarga, Tolona, Tuscola, were melodious Italian names, and most fitting for the prairie. They are generally supposed to be such, but the supposition is mistaken.

Mr. JOHN CALHOUN, the Land Commissioner, and an assistant, undertook to name the towns. The plan was for one to give to the other three consonants, and for the other in uniting them to put in such vowels as would make a pleasant and easily spoken name. In this way some thirty of the stations were named, and the result, as the names that we have quoted show, was very fortunate. But although an easy as well as ingenious method, some actual Indian name, or the name of some plant or flower of the neighborhood, might have furnished an equally happy and more satisfactory result.

THE GREAT STATUE.

THE Executive Committee of the American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, in a brief circular acknowledging the able efforts of the New York *World* in securing the money for completing the pedestal, appeal to the same liberty-loving people that contributed the money, for the necessary aid to put together and erect the statue, which is soon to be placed upon its foundation. The cost, as estimated, will be $40,000, and the committee remark that the continued sale of the statuettes upon a liberal scale will produce the amount of money required.

Is the reader, then, supplied with a statuette? The pedestal is already nearly completed, and rising solidly above the level of the bay, it awaits the lofty figure that shall crown it, bearing the torch which shall guide the homeward-bound mariner, and symbolize the happy country to which he hastes.

Surely no lover of his country, and no heart grateful for the timely aid of France, would wish to leave the pedestal destitute of the statue. That would be a permanent and laughable discredit. The homeward-bound mariner hastening to the land of liberty would then be greeted by a conspicuous and impressive monument of the indifference of America to a gift of French citizens designed to commemorate our ancient alliance. Does any American citizen desire to see the harbor of New York adorned with such a memorial? He may smile, but he would be inevitably chagrined by the questions and the gibes that would never end.

MARSHALL'S GRANT.

MR. W. E. MARSHALL's new engraving of General GRANT, we are inclined to think, will be the standard portrait. The head is of life size, and the picture represents GRANT in his General's uniform, in the vigorous prime of his life, and with his best and most characteristic expression. The portrait shows the man as he will be remembered, the magnanimous soldier, the true patriot, who will be always associated in our annals with the maintenance of the Union, like WASHINGTON with the war of Independence and the establishment of the government, and LINCOLN with Emancipation. It is a very attractive and satisfactory work, both exquisitely and forcibly executed, and happily reproduces the simple, upright, heroic, and charming personality which the autobiography delightfully but unconsciously depicts.

PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY W. LUCY, the new editor of the London *Daily News*, is well known in this country as a magazine writer, and has a distinguished reputation from his work in the columns of the London *World*, *Punch*, and *Observer*. He proposes to make the *Daily News* "a little more strenuous and a little more independent," to use his own words. Most of his life has been spent in Parliament, and he has a large and intimate acquaintance with influential men on both sides of the House. Though firmly believing in the sanctity of private life, he thinks that a man in the public arena—be it in the House, on the platform, or on the stage—is fair game for the writer. As the London *Daily News* is much read in this city, Mr. LUCY's course will be watched with interest.

—The Japanese barber, at the Japanese village at the Madison Square Garden, shaves several men daily for the benefit of visitors. The operation is somewhat tedious and lengthy, because, in addition to those parts of the face which Americans are in the habit of submitting to their barber, he shaves the eyelids, the forehead, the ridge of the nose, the back of the neck, the lobe and interior of the ears. As the poor fellow submits to the operation, he is a perfect picture of unassuming simplicity.

—While sitting in the office of a summer resort hotel last September, ex-President ARTHUR noticed a lady approach the counter, and ask to have her letter weighed previous to stamping it. "It will be two cents," said the clerk. "Only two?" she asked; "I thought it would be at least six." "Oh, madam," rejoined the man, "you forget we are living under a Democratic administration; it would have been four cents three months ago." When the lady had retired, the ex-President said to the clerk: "You were mistaken about the Democratic administration. The present cheap rates of postage were suggested by me in my last annual Message; I myself took the trouble to investigate the matter in all its details, and every word in the Message relating to it was written by my own hand."

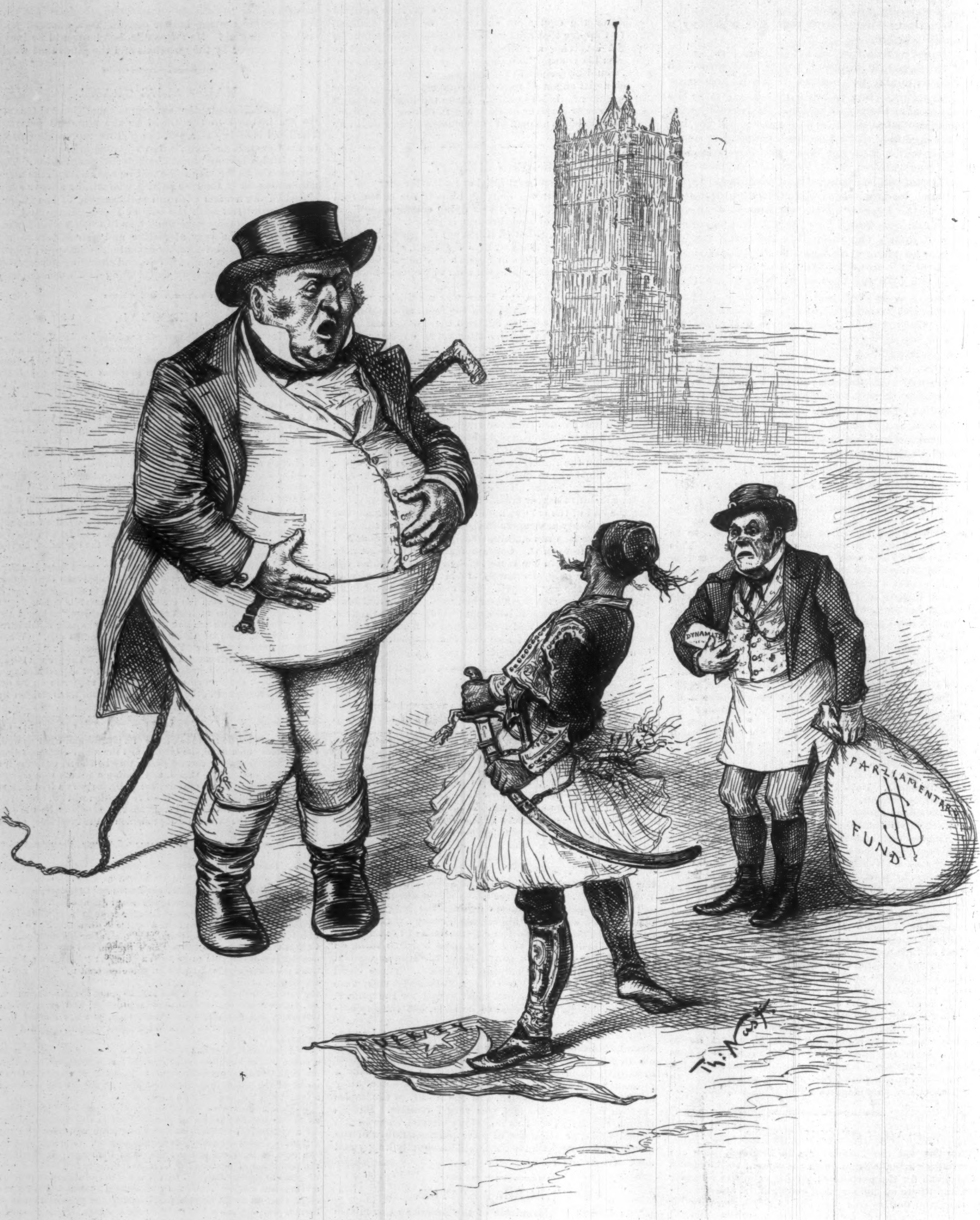
—When Dean MURRAY, of Princeton College, was compelled to resign his position of Dean on account of the strain caused by his numerous duties, he being in charge of a professorial chair as well, the trustees, the alumni, the faculty, and the under-graduates united in expressing their earnest desire that he should continue his duties. So unanimous, varied, and sincere a tribute to a college officer has caused much gratification to Dr. MURRAY's friends, and we understand that in view of it his resignation will soon be formally withdrawn. As Dean, Dr. MURRAY is supposed by the students to be in the direct line of promotion to the Presidency of the college.

—The ease with which Mr. CHARLES J. CANDA, the new Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, succeeded in obtaining bondsmen to justify in the large sum of eight hundred thousand dollars, is said by a prominent business man to be not only one of the surest signs of his fitness for the place, but also of President CLEVELAND's good judgment in the matter.

—Just how Colonel DANIEL S. LAMONT came to be appointed the President's Secretary seems to be a matter of dispute. The author of a recent article in this journal said that, after his election, Mr. CLEVELAND remarked to Colonel LAMONT, who had expressed some doubt about being able to go to Washington: "Well, Dan, if you don't go, I won't go, and that's all there is about it." But a correspondent of the *Sun* gives this version: "On election day, at the earliest moment when it was safe to make the announcement, Mr. LAMONT entered the Governor's presence, and said, 'Well, Governor, you are elected.' 'Well, then, you are elected too, Dan, and we have got to go to Washington together,' replied Mr. CLEVELAND."

—A journalist, who has often had the pleasure of sitting near a police justice when the latter was giving his decisions, says that Mr. F. R. COUDERT was quite right in declaring, at a late dinner in honor of the police, that the police justice "has all the power of a tyrant and the majesty of a king."

—Madame MODJESKA has favored us with some interesting views as to the possible future of dramatic art in this country, where for nine seasons she has been delighting large audiences with the artistic beauty and force of her impersonations. The star system, she says, is injurious to the interests of the stage. It sacrifices the perfection of the *ensemble*, because managers feel that the public come to see the star, and that it is a waste of money to provide a competent company. Of the combination system, which selects certain actors to fill certain parts during the presentation of a certain play, she has a like unfavorable estimate. Such a company is a scratch company at best, and by the time it is able to do itself justice the play is likely to be withdrawn. She declares, therefore, her belief in the regular stock company, like that of Mr. DALY's theatre, for instance, and insists that no young man or young woman can expect to become an actor or actress unless trained in such a company, where he or she may have the advantage of playing successively a variety of parts. She thinks little of schools of dramatic art and of professors of elocution. To become an actor or actress, she says, one must learn the rudiments of the profession on the stage by actually playing a variety of parts. To rely upon the professor of elocution is to become conventional and artificial; the professor of elocution has but one tone for the expression of grief, whereas each distinct character on the stage must have its own special tone if grief is to be expressed truly. She believes that if base-ball teams can be subventioned, a competent stock company can be subventioned in each of the principal cities, without depending upon the government for aid, and that the services of the best actors and actresses can be secured as members of such companies, in the interest of dramatic art. It is a great mistake, she thinks, to compel a leading actor or actress to appear night after night; she herself is often so fatigued as to necessitate the calling in of a physician, and the ruinous star system is to blame for it. "It either chills or kills the best artist."



A LESSON IN GREEK.

Hellenic Greek to Hibernian "Greek." "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

WINTER ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Navigators on the Great Lakes have taste of every experience of navigators on the ocean. The pleasant sailing which one naturally associates with inland navigation is enjoyed no greater proportion of the year than on the sea; there are squalls and storms of long duration which may very properly be compared with equatorial oceanic storms; and in winter the lake sailors have for a brief period the experience of sailors in arctic seas. The ice interrupts navigation at most important points on the lakes from December to May. The straits of Mackinaw are always closed between these dates. By reason of its depth, Lake Ontario, however, is much less obstructed by ice than Lake Erie, and even in the severest winters boats continue their trips across it with infrequent interruptions. The lake's temperature suffers slow changes. The water retains a temperature of 36° in the central portions as late as the middle of May, when near the shore it is as high as 65°. But on Lake Erie, which is the shallowest, most stormy, and most easily frozen of them all, it is no unusual occurrence in midwinter for a propeller to become ice-bound. On Lake Superior the broken ice in the spring, which the storms often make dangerous, has been dashed against the shores until it has worn out the caverns and made the grotesque figures on the cliffs that deserve to be ranked among the natural curiosities of the world.

Along the more populous shores of all the lakes, when navigation is interrupted, traffic and travel easily turn themselves to the railroads, but there are settlements which are yet completely shut off from the world until the spring thaw comes. It is the sailors who trade with these remote regions that have the most to fear from the sudden formation of thick ice, and at the same time are more strongly tempted than others to run the risk of becoming ice-bound. It is a satisfactory taste of the experience of arctic navigators to become caught in the ice even on a propeller that is equipped with the best machinery for extricating itself, and supplied with fuel and food enough to give comfort and patience. In suddenly severe seasons boats have been abandoned by their crews, who made their way to shore on the ice, and not a winter passes but craft are lost by being frozen in or by coming in contact with lake icebergs in a storm.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE cottage which Michael Henchard hired for his wife Susan, under her name of Newson—in pursuance of their plan—was in the upper or western part of the town, near the wall, and the avenue which overshadowed it. The evening sun seemed to shine more yellowly there than anywhere else this autumn—stretching its rays, as the hour grew later, under the lowest sycamore boughs, and steeping the ground-floor of the dwelling, with its green shutters, in a substratum of radiance which did not reach the upper parts. Beneath these sycamores on the town walls could be seen from the sitting-room the tumuli and earth forts of the distant uplands; making it altogether a pleasant spot, with the usual touch of melancholy that a western prospect lends.

As soon as the mother and daughter were comfortably installed, Henchard paid them a visit, and remained to tea, during which entertainment Elizabeth Jane was carefully hoodwinked by the very general tone of the conversation which prevailed—a proceeding which seemed to afford some humor to Henchard, though his wife was not particularly happy in it. The visit was repeated again and again with business-like determination by the Mayor, who seemed to have schooled himself into a course of strict mechanical rightness toward this woman of prior claim, at any expense to the later one, and to his own sentiments.

One afternoon the daughter was not in-doors when Henchard came, and he said dryly, "This is a very good opportunity for me to ask you to name the happy day, Susan."

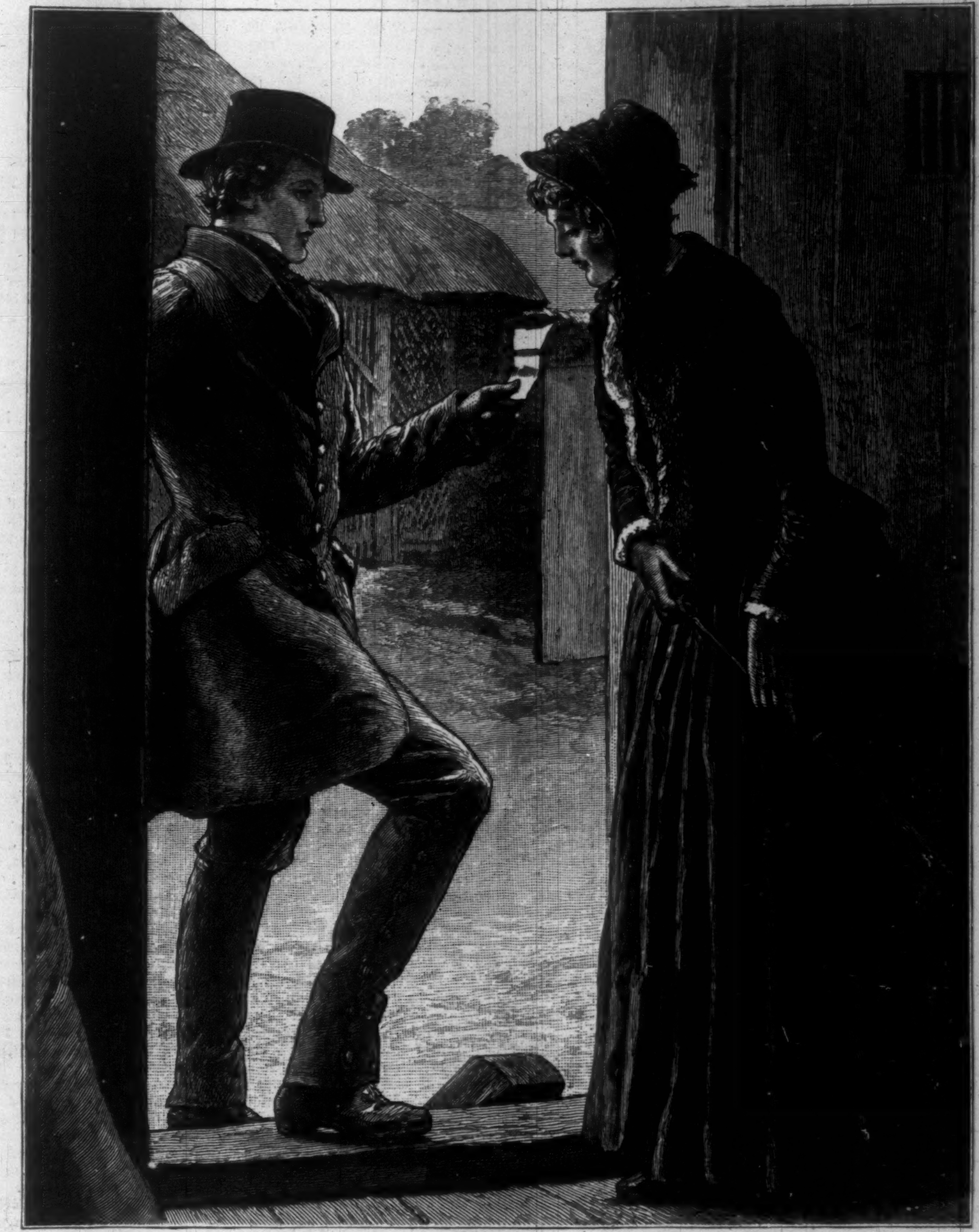
The poor woman smiled faintly; she did not enjoy pleasantries on a situation into which she had entered solely for the sake of her girl's reputation. She liked them so little, indeed, that there was room for wonder why she had countenanced the deception at all, and had not bravely let the girl know her history. But the flesh is weak; and the true explanation came in due course.

"Oh, Michael," she said, "I am afraid all this is taking up your time, and giving trouble, when I did not expect any such thing!" And she looked at him and at his dress as a man of affluence, and at the furniture he had provided for the room—ornate and lavish to her eyes.

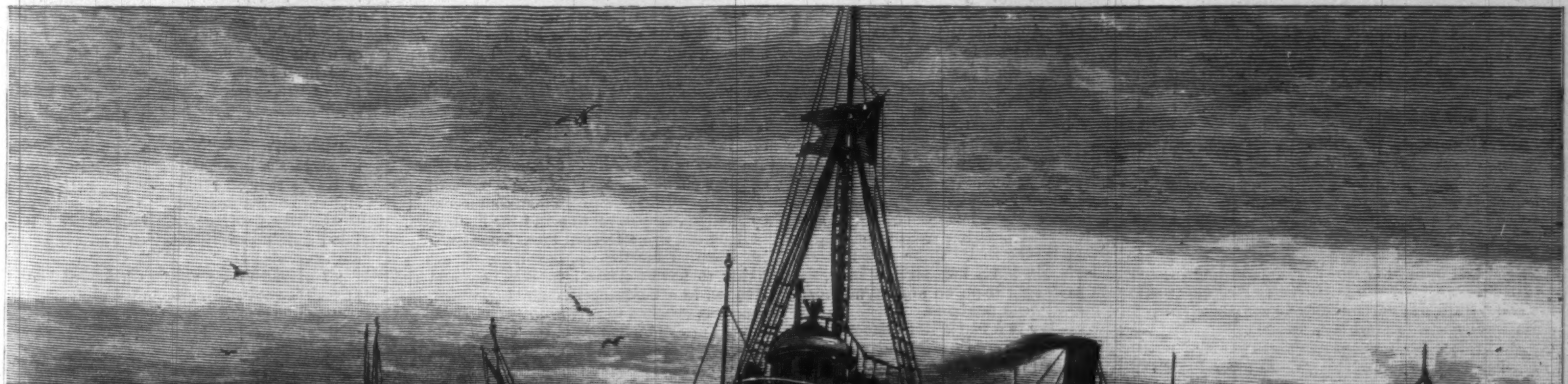
"Not at all," said Henchard, in rough benignity. "This is only a cottage—it costs me next to nothing. And as to taking up my time"—here his red and black visage kindled with satisfaction—"I've a splendid fellow to superintend my business now—a man whose like I've never been able to lay hands on before. I shall soon be able to leave everything to him, and have more time to call my own than I've had for these last twenty years."

Henchard's visits here grew so frequent and so regular that it soon became whispered, and then openly discussed, in Casterbridge that the masterful, coercive Mayor of the town was captured and enervated by the genteel widow, Mrs. Newson. His well-known haughty indifference to the society of womankind, his silent avoidance of converse with the sex, contributed a piquancy to what would otherwise have been an unromantic matter enough. That such a poor fragile woman should be his choice was inexplicable, except on the ground that the engagement was a family affair in which sentimental passion had no place; for it was known that they were related in some way. Mrs. Henchard was so pale that the boys called her "The Ghost." Sometimes Henchard overheard this epithet when they passed together along the Walks—as the avenues on the walls were named—at which his face would darken with an expression of destructiveness toward the speakers ominous to see; but he invariably said nothing.

He pressed on the preparations for his union, or rather reunion, with this pale creature in a dogged, unflinching spirit which did credit to his conscientiousness. Nobody would have conceived from his outward demeanor that there was no amatory fire or pulse of romance acting as stimulant to the bustle going on in his gaunt, great house; nothing but three large resolves—one to make amends to



"AND FOR YOU—DIDN'T YOU ASK ME? THIS IS NOT YOUR WRITING?"



ICE-BOUND ON THE LAKES.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 84.]

his neglected Susan, another to provide a comfortable home for Elizabeth Jane under his paternal eye, and a third to castigate himself with the thorns which these restitutory acts brought in their train, among them the lowering of his dignity in public opinion by marrying so comparatively humble a woman.

Susan Henchard entered a carriage for the first time in her life when she stepped into the plain brougham which drew up at the door on the wedding day to take her and Elizabeth Jane to church. It was a windless morning of warm November rain, which floated down like meal, and lay in a powdery form on the nap of hats and coats. Few people had gathered round the church door, though they were well packed within. The Scotchman, who assisted as groomsman, was of course the only one present, beyond the chief actors, who knew the true situation of the contracting parties. He, however, was too inexperienced, too thoughtful, too judicial, too strongly conscious of the serious side of the business, to enter into the scene in its dramatic aspect. That required the special genius of Christopher Coney, Solomon Longways, Buzzford, and their fellows. But they knew nothing of the secret; though as the time for coming out of church drew on they gathered on the pavement adjoining, and expounded the subject according to their lights.

"'Tis five-and-forty years since I had my settlement in this here town," said Coney; "but daze me if ever I see a man wait so long before to take so little! There's a chance even for thee after this, Nance Mockridge." The remark was addressed to a woman who stood behind his shoulder—the same who had exhibited Henchard's bad bread in public when Elizabeth and her mother entered Casterbridge.

"Be cust if I'd marry any such as he, or thee either," replied that lady. "As for thee, Christopher, we know what ye be, and the less said the better. And as for he—well, there" (lowering her voice)—"'tis said 'a was a poor parish 'prentice—I wouldn't say it for all the world—but 'a was a poor parish 'prentice that began life wi' no more belonging to en than a carrion crow."

"And now he's worth ever so much a minute," murmured Longways. "When a man is said to be worth so and so a minute, he's a man to be considered." Turning, he saw a circular disk reticulated with creases, and recognized the smiling countenance of the fat woman who had asked for another song at the King of Prussia. "Well, Mother Cuxsom," he said, "how's this? Here's Mrs. Newson, a mere skellinton, has got another husband to keep her, while a woman of your tonnage have not."

"I have not. Nor another to cuss me.... Ah, yes, Cuxsom's gone, and so shall leather breeches!"

"Yes; with the blessing of God leather breeches shall go."

"'Tisn't worth my old while to think of another husband," continued Mrs. Cuxsom. "And yet I'll lay my life I'm as respectable born as she."

"True; your mother was a very good woman. I can mind her. She was rewarded by the Agricultural Society for having the greatest number of healthy children without parish assistance."

"'Twas that that kept us so low upon ground —that great family."

"Ay. Where the pigs be many, the wash runs thin."

"And dostn't mind how mother would sing, Christopher?" continued Mrs. Cuxsom, kindling at the retrospection: "and how we went with her to the party at Mellstock, do ye mind—at old Dame Ledlow's, Farmer Penny's sister, do ye mind?—she we used to call Toad's-Armpit, because 'a were so yaller and freckled, do ye mind?"

"I do, hee-hee, I do!" said Christopher Coney.

"And well do I—for I was getting up husband-high at that time—one half maid, and t'other alf woman, as one may say. And canst mind"—she prodded Solomon's shoulder-blade with her finger, while her eyes twinkled between the crevices of their lids—"canst mind the sherry wine, and the silver snuffers, and how Joan Dummett was took bad when we were coming home, and Jack Griggs was forced to carry her through the mud; and how 'a let her fall in Dairyman Sweetapple's cow-barton, and we had to clane her gown wi' grass—never such a mess as 'a were in?"

"Ay, that I do. Such doggery as there was in them ancient days, to be sure! Ah, the miles I used to walk then; and now I can hardly step over a sixpence!"

Their reminiscences were cut short by the appearance of the reunited pair—Henchard looking round upon the idlers with that ambiguous gaze of his, which at one moment seemed to mean satisfaction, and at another fiery disdain.

"Well, there's a difference between 'em, though he do call himself a teetotaler," said Nance Mockridge. "She'll wish her cake dough afore she's done of him. There's a Bluebeardy look about en; and 'twill out in time."

"Stuff! he's well enough. Some folk want their luck buttered. If I had a choice as wide as the ocean sea I wouldn't wish for a better man. A poor twanking woman like her—her skin hanging upon her like a chitterling upon a turning-stick—'tis a godsend for her, and hardly a night-rail to her name."

The plain little brougham drove off in the mist, and the idlers dispersed. "Well, we hardly know how to look at things in these times," said Solomon. "There was a man dropped down dead yesterday, not so very many miles from here; and what wi' that, and this moist weather, 'tis scarce worth one's while to begin any work of consequence to-day. I'm in such a low key with drinking nothing but small table ninepenny this last week or two that I shall call and warm up at the Prooshia as I pass along."

"I don't know but that I may as well go with 'ee, Solomon," said Coney; "I'm as clammy as a cockle-snail."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Martinmas summer of Mrs. Henchard's life set in with her entry into her husband's large house and respectable social orbit, and it was as bright as such summers well can be. Lest she should pine for deeper affection than he could give, he made a point of showing some semblance of it in external action. Among other things he had the iron railings that had smiled sadly in dull green for the last eighty years painted a bright chocolate, and the heavy-barred, small-paned Georgian sash windows enlivened with three coats of white. He was as kind to her as a man, Mayor, and church-warden could possibly be. The house was large, the rooms lofty, and the landings wide; and the two unassuming women scarcely made a perceptible addition to its contents.

To Elizabeth Jane the time was a most triumphant one. The freedom she experienced, the indulgence with which she was treated, went beyond her expectations. The reposeful, easy, affluent life to which her mother's marriage had introduced her was, in truth, the beginning of a great change in Elizabeth. She found she could have nice personal possessions and ornaments for the asking, and, as the mediæval saying puts it, "Take, have, and keep are pleasant words." With peace of mind came development, and with development beauty. Knowledge, learning, accomplishments; those, alas! she had not; but as the winter and spring passed by, her thin face and figure filled out in rounder and softer curves; the lines and contractions upon her young brow went away; the muddiness of skin which she had looked upon as her lot by nature departed with a change to abundance of good things, and a bloom came upon her cheek. Perhaps, too, her gray, thoughtful eyes revealed an arch gayety sometimes; but this was infrequent; the sort of wisdom which looked from their pupils did not readily keep company with these lighter moods. Like all people who have known rough times, lightheartedness seemed to her too irrational and inconsequent to be indulged in except as a reckless dram now and then; for she had been too early habituated to anxious reasoning to drop the habit suddenly. She felt none of those ups and downs of spirit which beset so many people without cause; never—to paraphrase a poet—never a gloom in Elizabeth Jane's soul but she well knew how it came there; and her present cheerfulness was fairly proportionate to her solid guarantees for the same.

It might have been supposed that, given a girl rapidly becoming good-looking, comfortably circumstanced, and for the first time in her life commanding ready money, she would go and make a fool of herself by dress. But no. The reasonableness of almost everything that Elizabeth Jane did was nowhere more conspicuous than in this question of clothes. To keep in the rear of opportunity in matters of indulgence is as valuable a habit as to keep abreast of opportunity in matters of enterprise. This uninstructed girl did it. Thus she refrained from bursting out like a water-flower that spring, and clothing herself in puffings and knickknacks as most of the Casterbridge girls would have done in her circumstances. Her triumph was tempered by circumspection; she had still that field-mouse fear of the coulter of destiny despite fair promise, which is common among the thoughtful who have suffered early from poverty and oppression.

"I won't be too gay on any account," she would say to herself. "It would be tempting Providence to hurl mother and me down, and afflict us again as He used to do."

In damp weather she advanced her civilization from pattens to goloshes—an article of wear just then reaching the remoter towns. Once having worn them, she abandoned the old pattens forever. She went to where her last pair hung in the shoe-house, looked at their heavy iron rings and woodwork, and smiled at human error. As a young girl she had clacked about in those pattens not only during wet weather, but during dry, to save her boots from wear, taking out of the uppers what she won on the sole. Quite sure that she would never again lapse into such a state, she would fain have split them up and burned them that day, but withheld her hand.

We now see her in a black silk bonnet, velvet mantle or silk spencer, dark dress, and carrying a sunshade. In this latter article she drew the line at fringe, and had it plain edged, with a little ivory ring for keeping it closed. It was odd about the necessity for that sunshade. She discovered that with the clarification of her complexion and the birth of pink cheeks her skin had grown more sensitive to the sun's rays. She protected those cheeks forthwith, deeming spotlessness part of womanliness.

Henchard had become very fond of her, and she went out with him more frequently than with her mother now. Her appearance one day was so attractive that he looked at her critically.

"I happened to have the ribbon by me, so I made it up," she faltered, thinking him perhaps dissatisfied with some rather bright trimming she had donned for the first time.

"Ay—of course—to be sure," he replied, in his leonine way. "Do as you like; or rather as your mother advises ye. 'Od send! I've nothing to say to 't."

In-doors she appeared with her hair divided by a parting that arched like a white rainbow from ear to ear. All in front of this line was covered with a thick encampment of curls; all behind was dressed smoothly, and drawn to a knob.

The three members of the family were sitting at breakfast one day, and Henchard was looking silently, as he often did, at this head of hair, which in color was brown—rather light than dark. "I thought Elizabeth Jane's hair—didn't you tell me that Elizabeth Jane's hair promised to be black when she was a baby?" he said to his wife.

She looked startled, jerked his foot, and murmured, "Did I?"

As soon as Elizabeth was gone to her own room, Henchard resumed: "Begad, I nearly forgot myself just now! What I meant was that the girl's hair certainly looked as if it would be darker when she was a baby."

"It did; but they alter so," replied Susan.

"Their hair gets darker, I know; but I wasn't aware it lightened ever?"

"Oh yes!" And the same uneasy expression came out on her face. It passed as Henchard went on:

"Well, so much the better. Now, Susan, I want to have her called Miss Henchard, not Miss Newson. Lots o' people do it already in carelessness; it is her legal name, so it may as well be made her usual name. I don't like t'other name at all for my own flesh and blood. I'll advertise it in the Casterbridge paper; that's the way they do it. She won't object."

"No; oh no! But—"

"Well, then, I shall do it," said he, peremptorily. "Surely, if she's willing, you must wish it as much as I?"

"Oh yes; if she agrees, let us do it by all means," she replied.

Then Mrs. Henchard acted somewhat inconsistently; it might have been called falsely, but that her manner was emotional and full of the earnestness of one who wishes to do right at great hazard. She went to Elizabeth Jane, whom she found sewing in her sitting-room upstairs, and told her what had been proposed about her surname. "Can you agree? Is it not a slight upon Newson, now he's dead and gone?"

Elizabeth Jane reflected. "I'll think of it, mother," she said.

When, later in the day, she saw Henchard, she adverted to the matter at once, in a way which showed that the line of feeling started by her mother had been persevered in. "Do you wish this change so very much, sir?" she asked.

"Wish it? Why, my blessed fathers, what an ado you women make about a trifle! I proposed it—that's all. Now, 'Lizabeth Jane, just please yourself. Curse me if I care what you do. Now, you understand, don't 'ee go agreeing to it to please me."

Here the subject dropped, and nothing more was said and nothing was done, and Elizabeth still passed as Miss Newson, and not by her legal name.

Meanwhile the great corn and hay traffic conducted by Henchard throve under the management of Donald Farfrae as it had never thriven before. It had formerly moved in jolts; now it went on oiled casters. The old crude *vivâ voce* system of Henchard, in which everything depended upon his memory, and bargains were made by the tongue alone, was swept away. Letters and ledgers took the place of "I'll do't," and "You shall hae't"; and, as in all such cases of advance, the rugged picturesqueness of the old method disappeared with its inconveniences.

The position of Elizabeth Jane's room—rather high in the house, so that it commanded a view of the hay stores and granaries across the garden—afforded her opportunity for accurate observation of what went on there. She saw that Donald and Mr. Henchard were inseparables. When walking together, Henchard would lay his arm familiarly on his manager's shoulder, as if Farfrae were a younger brother, bearing so heavily that his slight figure bent under the weight. Occasionally she would hear a perfect cannonade of laughter from Henchard, arising from something Donald had said, the latter looking quite innocent, and not laughing at all. In Henchard's somewhat lonely life he evidently found the young man as desirable for comradeship as he was useful for consultations. Donald's brightness of intellect maintained in the corn-factor the admiration it had won at the first hour of their meeting. The poor opinion, and but ill-concealed, that he entertained of the slim Farfrae's physical girt, strength, and dash was more than counterbalanced by the immense respect he had for his brains.

Her quiet eye discerned that Henchard's tigerish affection for the younger man, his constant liking to have Farfrae near him, now and then resulted in a tendency to domineer, which, however, was checked in a moment when Donald exhibited marks of real offence. One day, looking down on their hats from on high, she heard the latter remark, as they stood in the doorway between garden and yard, that their habit of walking and driving about together rather neutralized Farfrae's value as a second pair of eyes, which should be used in places where the principal was not. "Od d——n it!" cried Henchard, "what's all the world? I like a fellow to talk to. Now come along and hae some supper, and don't take too much thought about things, or ye'll drive me crazy."

When she walked with her mother, on the other hand, she often beheld the Scotchman looking at them with a curious interest. The fact that he had met her at the King of Prussia was insufficient to account for it, since the assistance she had ill-advisedly tendered there had passed unobserved by him, who on the occasions on which she had entered his room had never raised his eyes. Besides, it was at her mother more particularly than at herself that he looked, as it sometimes seemed, to Elizabeth Jane's half-unconscious, simple-minded, perhaps pardonable, disappointment. Thus she could not account for this interest by her own attractiveness, and she decided that it might be apparent only—a way of turning his eyes that Mr. Farfrae had. She did not divine the ample explanation of his manner, without personal vanity, that was afforded by the fact of Donald being the depositary of Henchard's confidence in respect to his past treatment of the pale, chastened mother who walked by her side. Her conjectures on that past never went further than faint ones based on things casually heard and seen—mere guesses that Henchard and her mother might have been lovers in their younger days, who had quarrelled and parted.

Casterbridge, as has been hinted, was a place deposited in the block upon a corn field. There was no suburb in the modern sense, or transitional intermixture of town and down. It stood, with regard to the wide fertile land adjoining, clean cut and distinct, like a chess-board on a green table-cloth. The farmer's boy could sit under his barley-mow and pitch a stone into the office window of the town-clerk; reapers at work among the sheaves nodded to acquaintances standing on the pavement corner; the ermined judge, when he condemned a sheep-stealer, pronounced sentence to the tune of Baa, that floated in at the window from the remainder of the flock browsing hard by; and at executions the waiting crowd stood in a meadow immediately under the drop, out of which the cows had been temporarily driven to give the spectators room.

The corn grown on the upland side of the borough was garnered by farmers who lived in an eastern purlieu called Dummerford. Here wheat ricks overhung the old Roman street, and thrust their eaves against the church tower; green-thatched barns, with doorways as high as the gates of Solomon's Temple, opened directly upon the main thoroughfare. Barns, indeed, were so numerous as to alternate with every half-dozen houses along the way. Here lived burgesses who daily walked the fallow; shepherds in an intramural squeeze. A street of farmers' homesteads—a street ruled by a mayor and corporation, yet echoing with the thump of the flail, the flutter of the winnowing fan, and the purr of the milk into the pails—a street which had nothing urban in it whatever—this was the Dummerford end of Casterbridge.

Henchard, as was natural, dealt largely with this nursery or bed of small farmers close at hand, and his wagons were often down that way. One day, when arrangements were in progress for getting home corn from one of the aforesaid farms, Elizabeth Jane received a note by hand, asking her to oblige the writer by coming at once to a granary on Dummerford Hill. As this was the granary whose contents Henchard was removing, she thought the request had something to do with his business, and proceeded thither as soon as she had put on her bonnet. The granary was just within the farm-yard, and stood on stone staddles high enough for persons to walk under. The gates were open, but nobody was within. However, she entered and waited. Presently she saw a figure approaching the gate—that of Donald Farfrae. He looked up at the church clock, and came in. By some unaccountable shyness, some wish not to meet him there alone, she quickly ascended the step-ladder leading to the granary door, and entered it before he had seen her. Farfrae advanced, imagining himself in solitude; and a few drops of rain beginning to fall, he moved and stood under the shelter where she had just been standing. Here he leaned against one of the staddles and gave himself up to patience. He too was plainly expecting some one; could it be herself? If so, why? In a few minutes he looked at his watch, and then pulled out a note, a duplicate of the one she had herself received.

The situation began to be very awkward; and the longer she waited, the more awkward it became. To emerge from a door just above his head and descend the ladder, and show she had been in hiding there, would look so very foolish that she still waited on. A winnowing machine stood close beside her, and to relieve her suspense she gently moved the handle, whereupon a cloud of wheat husks flew out into her face, and covered her clothes and bonnet, and stuck into the fur of her victorine. He must have heard the slight movement, for he looked up, and then ascended the steps.

"Ah—it's Miss Newson," he said, as soon as he could see into the granary. "I didn't know you were there. I have kept the appointment, and am at your service."

"Oh, Mr. Farfrae!" she faltered; "so have I. But I didn't know it was you who wished to see me, otherwise I—"

"I wished to see you? Oh no—at least, that is, I am afraid there may be a mistake."

"Didn't you ask me to come here? Didn't you write this?" Elizabeth Jane held out her note.

"No. Indeed, at no hand would I have thought of it. And for you, didn't you ask me? This is not your writing?" and he held up his.

"By no means."

"And is it even so! Then it's somebody wanting to see us both. Perhaps we would do well to wait a little longer."

Acting on this consideration, they lingered, Elizabeth Jane's face being arranged to an expression of preternatural composure, and the young Scot, at every footstep in the street without, looking from under the granary to see if the passer were about to enter and declare himself their summoner. They watched individual drops of rain creeping down the thatch of the opposite rick—straw after straw, till they reached the bottom; but nobody came, and the granary roof began to drip.

"The person is not likely to be coming," said Farfrae. "It's a trick, perhaps, and if so, it's a great pity to waste our time like this, and so much to be done."

"'Tis a great liberty," said Elizabeth Jane.

"And that's true, Miss Newson. We'll hear news of this some day, depend on't, and who it was that did it. I wouldn't stand for it hindering myself; but you, Miss Newson—

"I don't mind—much," she replied.

"Nor do I."

They lapsed again into silence. "You are anxious to get back to Scotland, I suppose, Mr. Farfrae?" she inquired.

"Oh no, Miss Newson. Why should I be?"

"I only supposed you might be from the song you sang at the King of Prussia—about Scotland and home, I mean—which you seemed to feel so deep down in your heart; so that we all felt for you."

"Ah, yes—I did sing there—I did— But, Miss Newson"—and Donald's voice musically undulated between two semitones, as it always did when he became earnest—"it's well you feel a song for a few minutes, and your eyes be quite tearful; but you finish it, and for all you felt, you don't mind it or think of it again for a long while. Oh no, I don't want to go back! Yet I'll sing the song to you wi' pleasure whenever you like. I could sing it now, and not mind at all."

"Thank you indeed. But I fear I must go—rain or no."

"Ay, yes. Then, Miss Newson, ye were best to say nothing about this hoax, and take no heed of it. And if the person should say anything to you, be civil to him or her, as if you did not mind it—so you'll take the clever person's laugh away." In speaking his eyes became fixed upon her dress, still sown with wheat husks. When she was stepping out, he added: "There's husks and dust on you. Perhaps you don't know it?" in tones of extreme delicacy.

"Yes," she said. "I turned the handle, and they flew out suddenly."

"But it's very bad to let rain come upon clothes when there's chaff on them. It washes in and spoils them. Let me help you—blowing is the best."

As Elizabeth Jane neither assented nor dissented, Donald Farfrae inflated his mouth and began blowing her back hair, and her side hair, and her neck, and the crown of her bonnet, and the fur of her victorine, Elizabeth saying, "Oh, thank you," at every puff, and picking out the chaff and dust in front with her own hands. At last she was fairly clean, though Farfrae, having got over his first concern at the situation, seemed in no manner of hurry to be gone.

"Ah—now I'll go and get ye an umbrella," he said.

"Oh no. I don't mind the rain at all."

She stepped out and was gone. Farfrae walked slowly after, looking thoughtfully at her diminishing figure, and whistling in under-tones, "As I came down through Cannobie."

CHAPTER XV.

At first Miss Newson was not regarded with much interest by anybody in Casterbridge. Donald Farfrae's gaze, it is true, was now attracted by the Mayor's so-called step-daughter, but he was only one. The truth is that she was but a poor illustrative instance of the prophet Baruch's sly definition: "The virgin that loveth to go gay." This particular virgin was just a shade too far the other way, and she paid the penalty. Sober, and even discreet, she was, yet so hearty that her homespun simplicity afforded none of those piquant problems which are afforded by the simplicity that is carefully constructed by art. When she walked abroad she seemed to be occupied with an inner chamber of ideas, and to have slight need for visible objects. In short, it was obvious to real philosophers that Casterbridge young-manhood of the deep-seeing sort ought to have had a solicitous regard for her. So they took no notice of her at all.

If the news got abroad that she was unwell, Henchard's door was not haunted by young fellows with cigars, making some excuse for inquiring indirectly about her. But, to set against this, at inn gatherings of the rollicking sort, where discussions of the female world were apt to take a turn irreverent to the sex, the criticism was stopped when it came to Elizabeth with, "I say, now, we'll leave *her* alone."

Perhaps the young men were penetrating enough to see that she was too honest to be a woman of genteel education. This view of her was helped by the curious resolves that she had formed on checking gay fancies in the matter of clothes, because it was inconsistent with her past life to blossom gaudily the moment she had become possessed of money. But nothing is more insidious than the evolution of wishes from mere fancies, and of wants from mere wishes. Henchard gave Elizabeth Jane a box of delicately tinted gloves one spring day. She wanted to wear them to show her appreciation of his kindness, but she had no bonnet that would harmonize. As an artistic indulgence, she thought she would have such a bonnet. When she had a bonnet that would go with the gloves, she had no dress that would go with the bonnet. It was now absolutely necessary to finish; she ordered the requisite article, and found that she had no sunshade to go with the dress. In for a penny, in for a pound; she bought the sunshade, and the whole structure was at last complete.

Everybody was attracted, and some said that her by-gone simplicity was the art that conceals art; she had produced an effect, a contrast, and it had been done on purpose. As a matter of fact this was not true, but it had its result; for as soon as young Casterbridge thought her artful, it thought her worth notice. "It is the first time in my life that I have been so much admired," she said to herself; "though perhaps it is by those whose admiration is not worth having."

But Donald Farfrae admired her too; and altogether the time was an exciting one; sex had never before asserted itself in her so strongly, for in former days she had perhaps been too impersonally human to be distinctively feminine. After an unprecedented success one day she came indoors, went upstairs, and leaned upon her bed face downward, quite forgetting the possible creasing and damage. "Good Heaven!" she whispered, "can it be? Here am I setting up as the town beauty!"

When she had thought it over, her usual fear of exaggerating appearances engendered a deep sadness. "There is something wrong in all this," she mused. "If they only knew what an ignorant girl I am, that I can't play the piano, or use globes, or do any of the accomplishments they learn at boarding-schools, how they would despise me! Better sell all this finery 'a b'lieve, and buy myself a copy-book, and a dictionary, and a grammar of my native tongue!"

She looked from the window, and saw Henchard and Farfrae in the hay-yard talking, with that impetuous cordiality on the Mayor's part, and genial modesty on the younger man's, that was now so generally observable in their intercourse. Friendship between man and man; what a rugged strength there was in it, as evinced by these two! And yet the seed that was to lift the foundation of this friendship was at that moment taking root in the chink.

It was about six o'clock; the men were dropping off homeward one by one. The last to leave was a round-shouldered, blinking young man of nineteen or twenty, whose mouth fell ajar on the slightest provocation, seemingly because there was no chin to support it. Henchard called aloud to him as he went out of the gate. "Here—Abel Whittle!"

Whittle turned, and ran back a few steps. "Yes, sir," he said, in breathless deprecation, as if he knew what was coming next.

"Once more—be in time to-morrow morning. You see what's to be done, and you hear what I say, and you know I'm not going to be trifled with any longer."

"Yes, sir." Then Abel Whittle left, and Henchard, and Farfrae; and Elizabeth Jane saw no more of them.

Now there was good reason for this command on Henchard's part. Poor Abel, as he was called, had an inveterate habit of oversleeping himself and coming late to his work. His anxious will was to be among the earliest; but if his comrades omitted to pull the string that he always tied round his great toe and left hanging out of the window for that purpose, his will was as wind. He did not arrive in time.

As he was often second hand at the hay-weighing, or at the crane which lifted the sacks, or was one of those who had to accompany the wagons into the country to fetch away stacks that had been purchased, this affliction of Abel's was productive of much inconvenience. For two mornings in the present week he had kept the others waiting nearly an hour; hence Henchard's threat. It now remained to be seen what would happen to-morrow.

Six o'clock struck, and there was no Whittle. At half past six Henchard entered the yard; the wagon was horsed that Abel was to accompany, and the other man had been waiting twenty minutes. Then Henchard swore, and Whittle coming up breathless at that instant, the corn-factor turned on him, and declared with an oath that this was the last time; that if he were behind once more, by G——! he would come and drag him out o' bed.

"There is sommit wrong in my make, your worshipful," said Abel, "especially in the inside, whereas my poor dumb brain gets as dead as a clot afore I've said my few scrags of prayers. Yes, it came on as a stripling, just afore I'd got man's wages, whereas I never enjoy my bed at all, for no sooner do I lie down than I be asleep, and afore I be awake I be up. I've fretted my gizzard green about it, maister, but what can I do? Now last night, afore I went to bed, I only had a scantling o' cheese and—"

"I don't want to hear it!" roared Henchard. "To-morrow the wagons must start at four, and if you're not here, stand clear. I'll mortify thy flesh for thee."

"But let me clear up my points, your worshipful—"

Henchard turned away.

"He asked me and he questioned me, and then 'a wouldn't hear my points," said Abel to the yard in general. "Now I shall twitch like a moment-hand all night to-night for fear o' him."

The journey to be taken by the wagons next day was a long one, into White Hart Vale, and at four o'clock lanterns were moving about the yard. But Abel was missing. Before either of the other men could run to Abel's and warn him, Henchard appeared in the garden doorway.

"Where's Abel Whittle? Not come, after all I've said? Now I'll carry out my word, by my blessed fathers! nothing else will do him any good. I'm going up that way."

Henchard went off, entered Abel's house, a little cottage in Back Street, the door of which was never locked, because the inmates had nothing to lose. Reaching Whittle's bedside, the corn-factor shouted a bass note so vigorously that Abel started up instantly, and beholding Henchard standing over him, was galvanized into spasmodic movements which had not much relation to getting on his clothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURLING.

This ancient and popular Scottish sport has suffered very little by its transportation from the mother country. The picture represents one of the annual matches of the clubs forming the Grand National Curling Club of America. There are twenty-two clubs in the association, of which number New York city has twelve. Nearly all the best matches are played on ice in this vicinity. Conservatory Lake, Central Park, Van Cortlandt Lake, and Prospect Park Lake are the spots where the lovers of the game congregate and encourage the players with their applause. The length of the rink is forty-two yards, and the tees, or bull's-eyes, if they may be so termed, thirty-eight yards apart. Each stone, with its handle in the centre, must be circular, and not weigh more than fifty or less than thirty pounds. To enable each shot to count, the stone must rest within a radius of seven feet from the tee, but sometimes the distances are slightly varied. The skip, or captain of each side, has sole control of the play, but occasionally the players get so excited that advice is given freely by all interested. Such expressions as, "Now, Geordie, mon, gie it the oot turn!" "Eh, but you're a fine curler!" when the stone comes gliding up to the tee, or, "Well chipped, mon; eh, but it's a beautiful shot!" as a well-placed stone is knocked out of the circle by a well-directed shot from an adversary.

Then, as the match progresses, the players with brooms are kept hard at work, sweeping in front of the stone to make it cover the required distance. Then you will hear, "Swoop her up, Sandie!" "Now, Aleck, don't be idle, mon!" "Help her along, or she'll never fetch it," while one would think each player had St. Vitus's dance, as they prance along the rink, sweeping for their dear lives. But it is after the match is over, and both sides mingle together in the club-house near the ice, and discuss the mutton pies, bottled porter, or Scotch whiskey, with cheese and crackers, that the jolly Scots are in their element, and one can thoroughly understand why the love of the game, from a social point of view, is so thoroughly implanted in the hearts of Scotia's sons. It really is a gathering of the clans.

The first game of the association ever played was for the "Champion Rink Medal" presented by Mr. Robert Gordon, of this city. It was played in Buffalo, February 19, 1869, and New York won it; last year it was won by Milwaukee at Chicago. The first year the North and South of Scotland match was played was in January, 1871. There is an Eastern medal and a Western medal, both of which were presented for competition by Mr. Alexander Dalyrymple, of this city. In the Eastern section the record of games stands eight to five in favor of the South, while in the Western section each side has won three. A flag presented by Mr. Andrew Hoagland is also given to the skip of the winning side in the Eastern game. George Grieve, of the North side, won it this year, and James Stewart the Kirkpatrick silver medal for second highest score.

The match which took place January 14, between the States of New York and New Jersey, at Paterson, New Jersey, was for a medal presented by John L. Hamilton, of this city, the skip of the winning side having the custody of it. Nine matches in all have been played since 1876, New York winning four, and New Jersey five.

Only three games have been played in the Scotch against all other nationalities match, for the medal given by Mr. Archibald McLintock, the nationalities winning two.

The gold medal given by Mr. Robert Gordon, now of London, England, for competition between the United States and Canada, is played for during the Carnival week at Montreal. Only one competition has taken place, and that the United States won. This year it was appointed for Van Cortlandt Lake, the provinces of Quebec and Ontario both sending teams.

The champion gold medal given by Mr. A. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, the president of the National Club, was won by the Empire City Club of New York last year.

These matches are the regular matches of the association, but do not represent a tithe of what are actually played, as nearly every club in the association plays club matches during the reign of King Frost.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Rules for getting thin continue to be supplied in abundance to the world's fat people. One of the latest says that any person, no matter how stout, can reduce himself to a genteel figure simply by confining himself to a diet of lean beefsteak and hot water for seventeen weeks. One trouble with this rule is that it calls for too much time. Dr. Tanner took only forty days to reduce himself, not only to a genteel figure, but to a point far beyond that. He was called, indeed, a living skeleton. He denied himself only a single matter of those permitted by the rule under discussion, namely, the meat. He drank several ounces of water daily, though it is but fair to say it was not hot water. Both his rule and the one that permits beefsteak are somewhat rigorous, and it is that quality precisely which makes them obnoxious to fat and comfortable people.

A French physician says that women who smoke tobacco suffer more than men. It is an interesting statement. Anybody who has seen a man accustomed to the use of tobacco in the act of smoking (say just after dinner) must have noticed how poignantly he suffers, notwithstanding the heroic exercise of will by which he endeavors to prevent the fact of his martyrdom from becoming known. It is depressing to think that anybody, and especially a woman, can suffer more; and yet undoubtedly it is just that a woman who smokes tobacco should suffer—in conscience at least.

A French gentleman has as a charm for his watch chain a revolver an inch long, which is capable of being loaded and fired like any larger pistol. The cartridges are very minute, and the bullets, while, of course, they would not crack the skull of an ox, when fired in quick succession against a champagne-glass cause it to tinkle quite audibly.

Couples who happen to be caught in Paris without a suitable supply of wedding guests have now the means to fill their want in a perfectly simple and business-like manner. An agency has been started, according to the London *Truth*, whose manager undertakes "to place at the disposition of the bridegroom a choice society of well-educated young men, charming talkers, elegant dancers, several of whom are, besides, endowed with all the necessary talents appertaining to a really fine society."

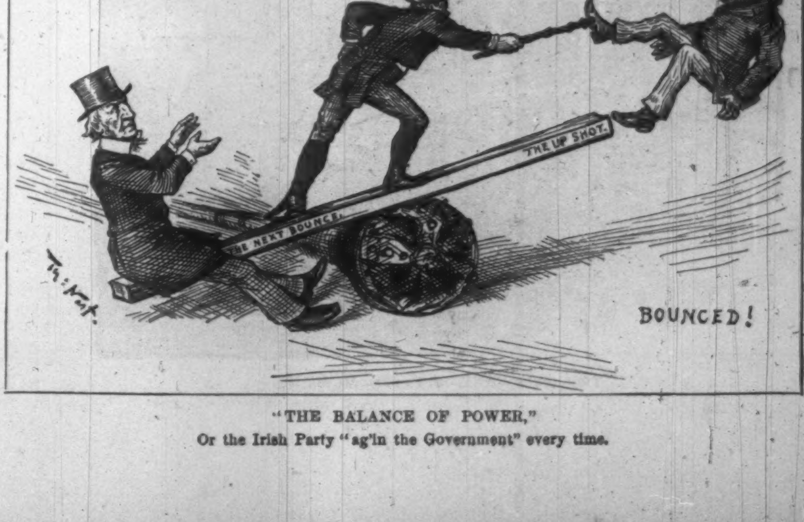
Ingratitude is common, but it is not universal. A Connecticut peddler fell into a rapid stream the other day, and would have drowned but for the assistance of two young men, who got him out at considerable peril to their own lives. In the whirl and torrent of his grateful emotions the peddler threw open his pack and gave to each of his preservers a lead-pencil.

The fortitude of an old gentleman named Bennett, of Charlotte, North Carolina, is compared with that of Andrew Jackson, who was given to treating his own wounds and ailments in a Spartan manner. Mr. Bennett got a bullet in his thigh in one of the battles around Richmond, and carried it until one Sunday recently, when, having leisure, he made up his mind to take it out. Sharpening his pocket-knife, he set to work, and at a distance of two inches below the surface came upon the ball, which he successfully removed. He has been troubled since merely by a slight limp as he goes about showing the ball to his friends.

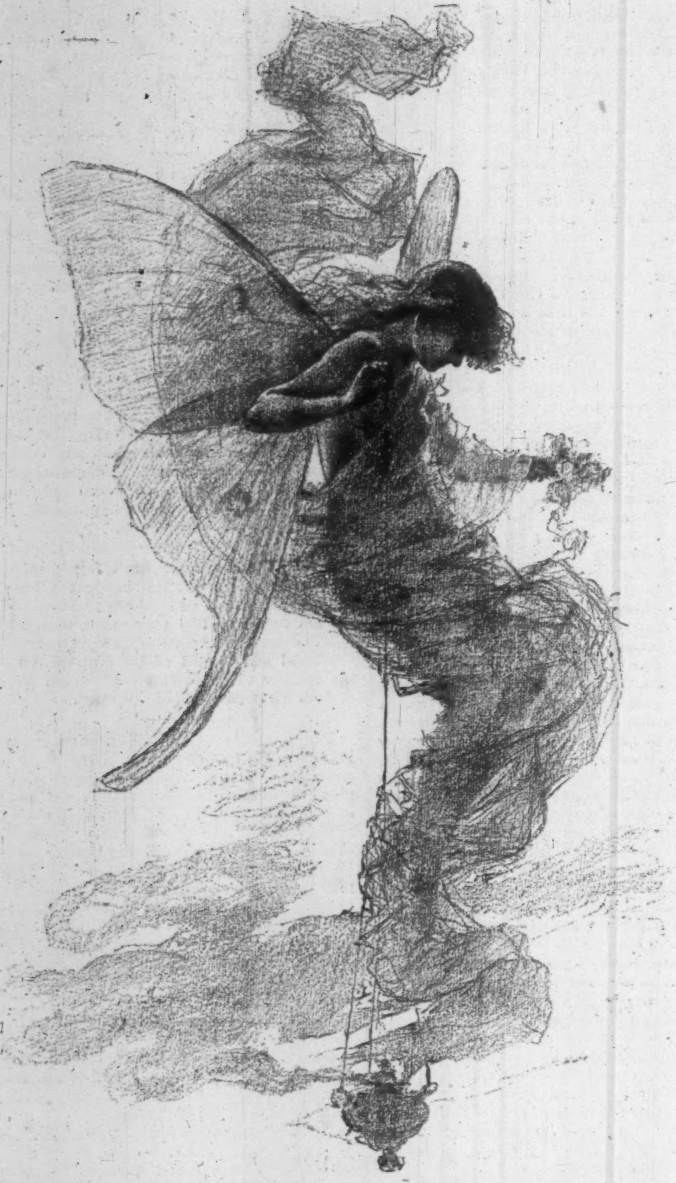
Harvard, according to a statistical table, has only one of her graduates in the United States Senate. Yale has three, Princeton and Hamilton two each, and Bowdoin and Williams each one.

An English statistician says that, since 1793, wars among civilized nations have cost the lives of 4,470,000 men. Most of these died of hardship and disease and wounds not immediately fatal, the number of those killed on the field being comparatively small. The most disastrous battle, says the statistician, was Borodino, where 250,000 men were engaged, and 78,000 stricken down.

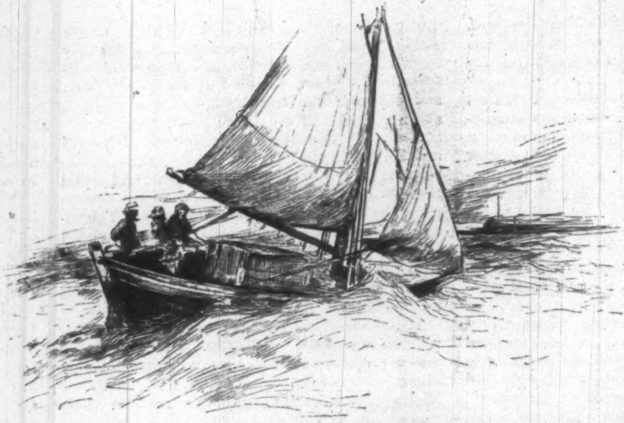
A writer in *Nature* wonders whether a balloon which accidentally slipped its moorings in Paris in July of last year is the same balloon which was seen floating over Bermuda on August 27, and also the same balloon which on September 17 was found hanging in a wrecked condition on a church steeple in Chicago. It is a question among scientific persons whether any balloon can hold its gas long enough to drift across the Atlantic. The writer in *Nature* thinks that an unusually good coat of varnish or a film of ice might be the means of keeping in the gas for a sufficient period. One of the balloons sent up from Paris during the siege drifted to Greenland, where it was found a long time after. Of course a balloon which left Paris in June, and only succumbed on reaching Chicago in September, must have held its gas in an extraordinary manner; but the Paris balloon was seen some time after its escape travelling westward over the Bay of Biscay, and the succeeding appearances of a balloon over Bermuda and a balloon impaled upon a Chicago church steeple suggest that the flight indicated may actually have been made. Ordinary unskilled persons would think that every balloon would have marks about it which would establish its identity, and that it would be an easy matter to tell whether the Paris fugitive and the Chicago unfortunate are really the same piece of oiled silk.


HEAR! HEAR!!
THE UP SHOT.
THE NEXT BOUNCE.
Th: Nast.
BOUNCED!

"THE BALANCE OF POWER,"
Or the Irish Party "ag'in the Government" every time.

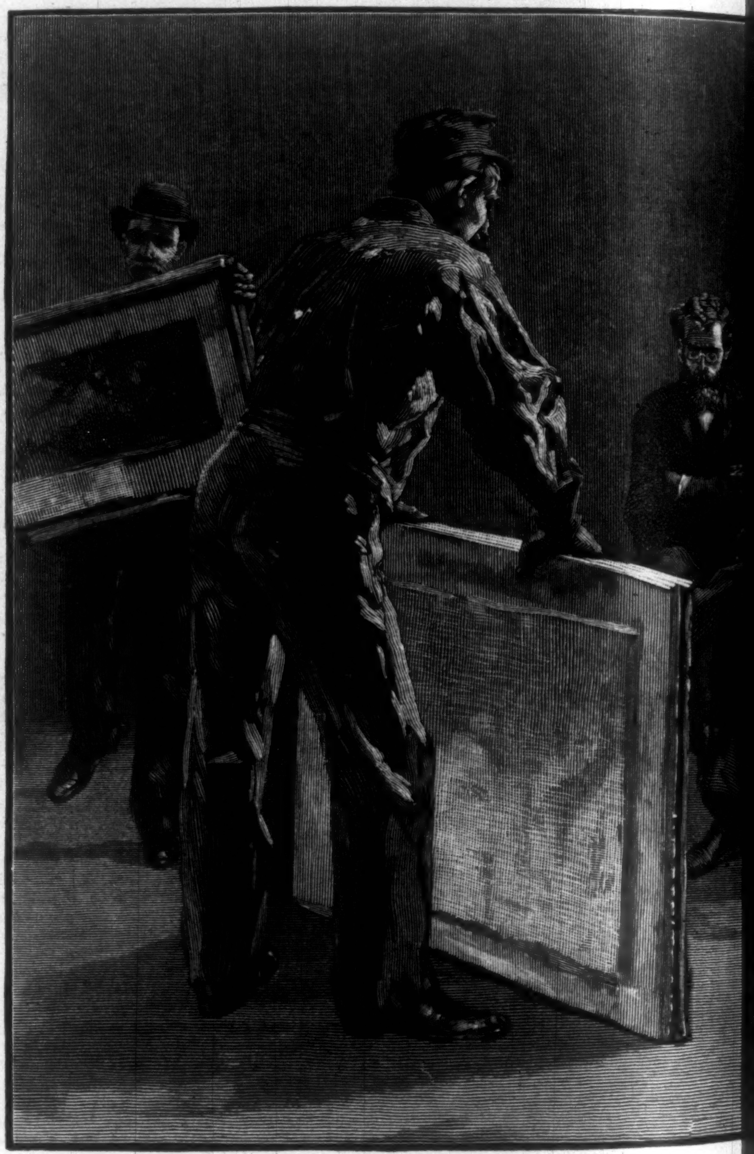


INCENSE.—C. D. WELDON.

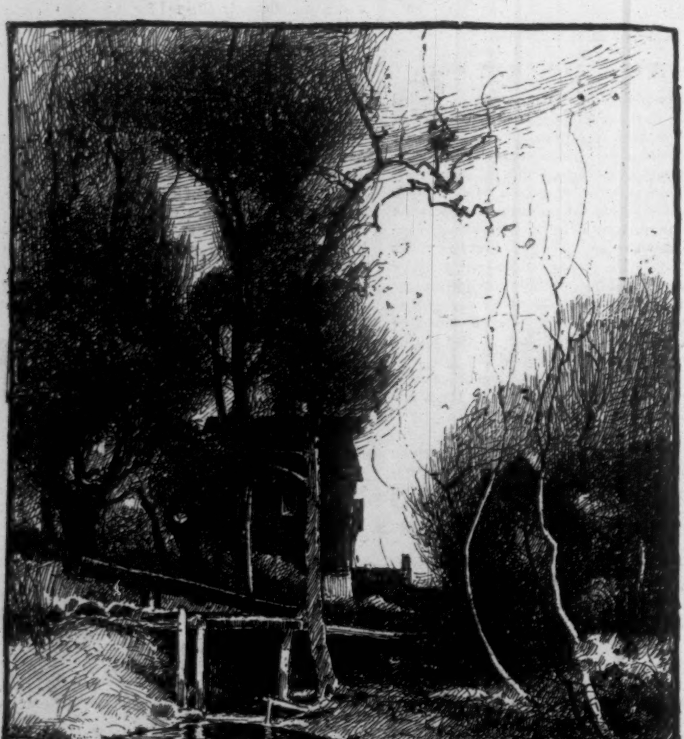


BUNKER BOATS RETURNING TO PORT.—EDWARD MORAN.

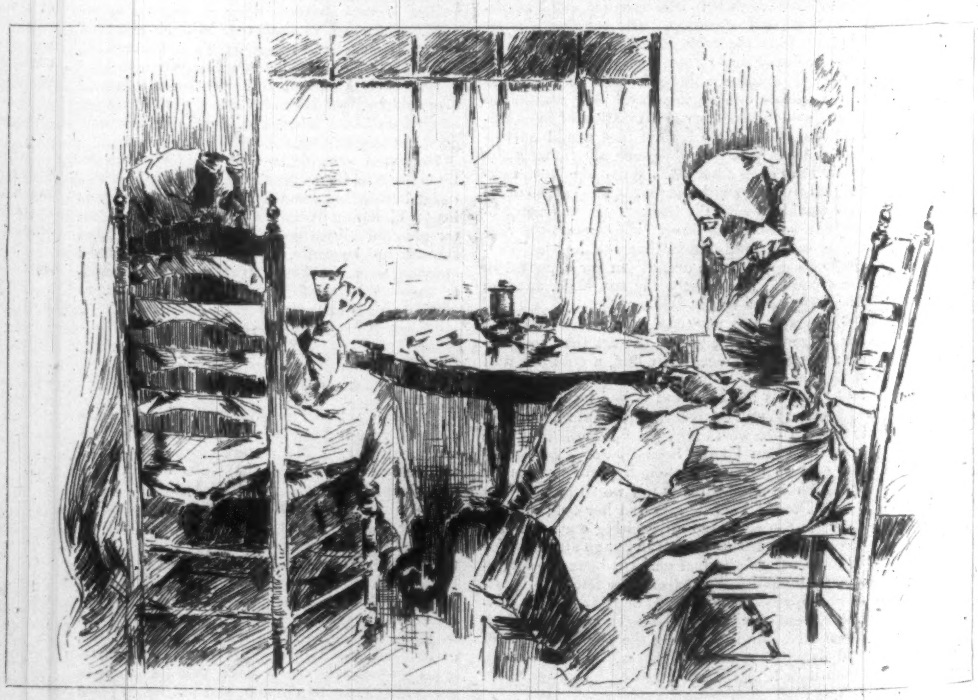
WHITE PE



THE JURY OF ADMISSION



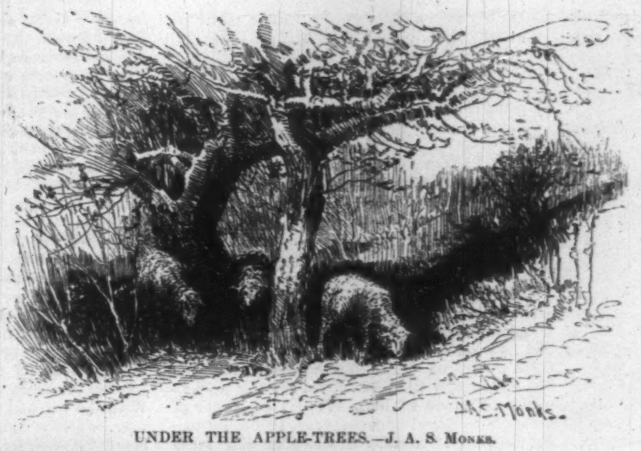
THE MILL-RACE.—J. FRANCIS MURPHY.



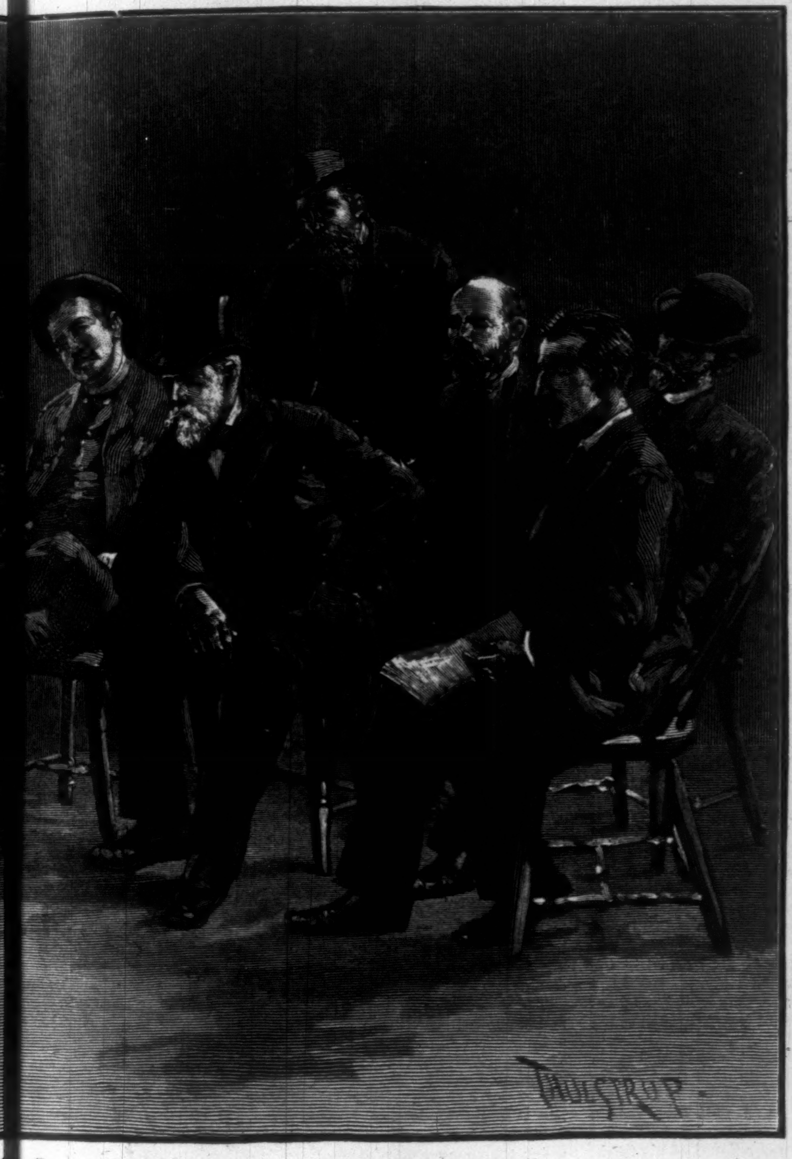
SISTER'S ADVICE.—ROBERT BLUM.

THE WATER-COLOR E

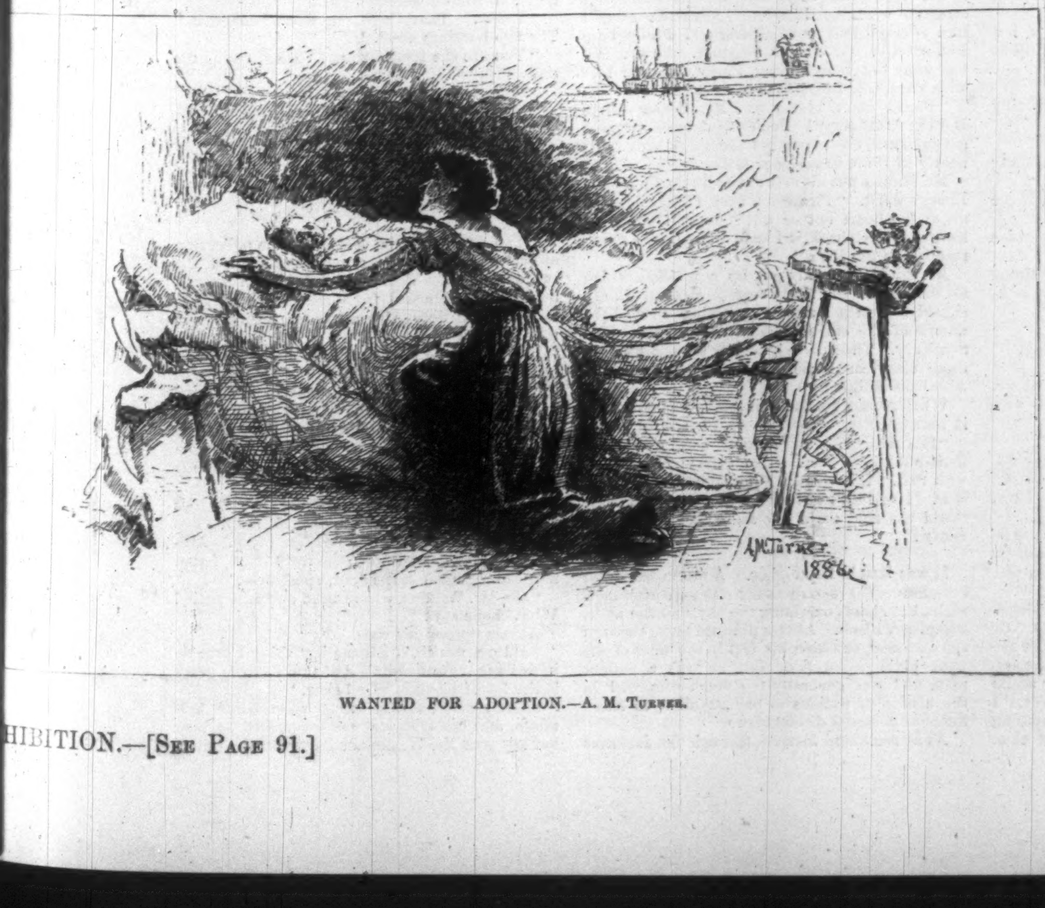
CKS.—F. S. Church.



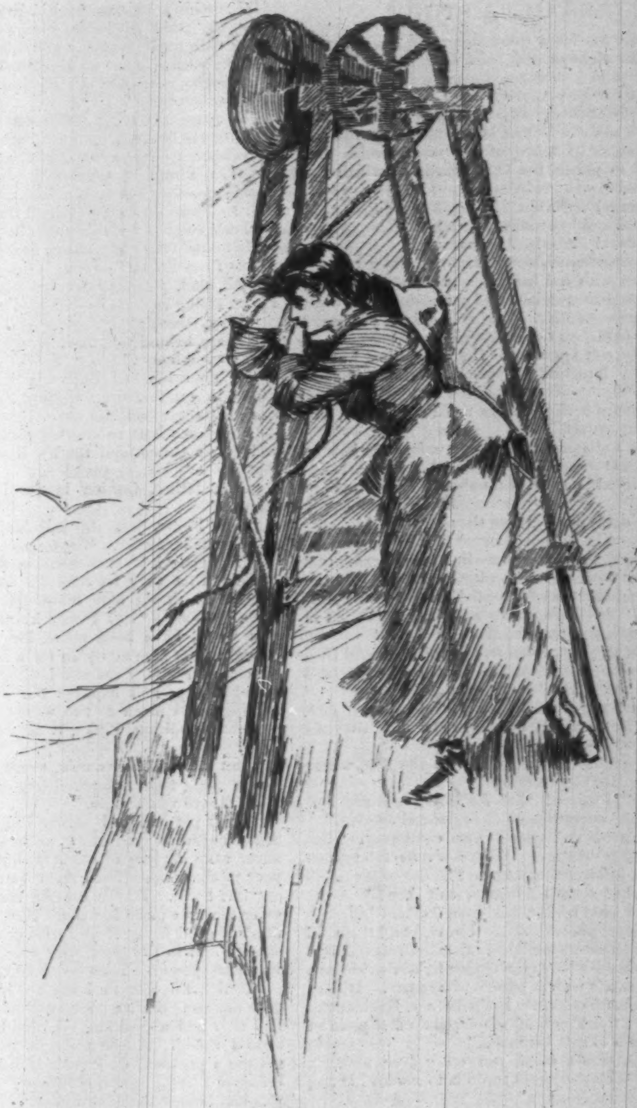
UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.—J. A. S. Monks.



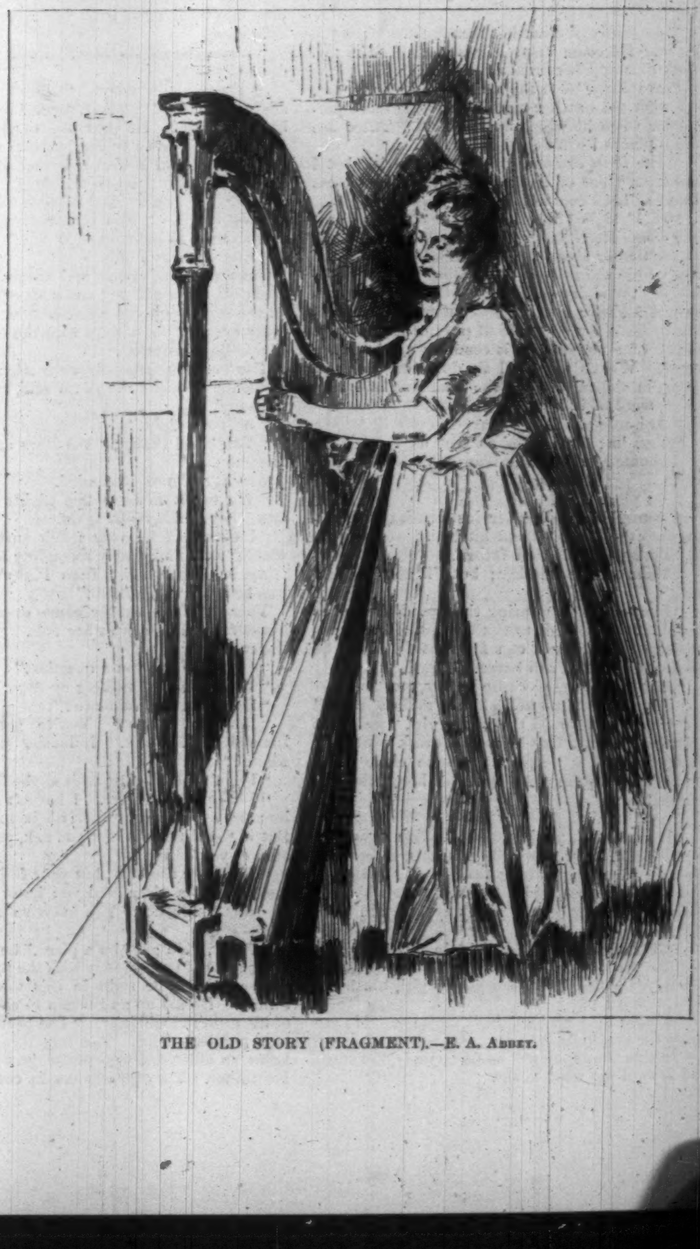
—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.


A.M. Turner
1886

WANTED FOR ADOPTION.—A. M. Turner.



THE FOG BELL.—R. F. Bloodgood.



THE OLD STORY (FRAGMENT).—E. A. Abbey.

HIBITION.—[See Page 91.]

ABRAM—A STUDY.

A MAN sat on a wood-pile reading. He was very near-sighted, and bent over until his eyes seemed to rest on the newspaper. It was only a piece of newspaper, and while all was soiled, part was stained with blood. Notwithstanding, he was so much absorbed in its contents that he did not hear the shrill tones of a woman's voice that seemed to pierce the very boards of which the wood-house was made.

"Abram! oh, Abram!"

The man did not stir.

"Abram! Abe! Abraham-m!"

The wood-house door darkened. There entered a woman with red hair, in a green alpaca dress, over which shone a long and ostensible gold chain.

"Mercy me, Mr. Wilkins! didn't ye hear? She's a-callin' you everywhere."

"Why, no, Araminty. If she's calling, I ought to hear. I expect she wants something if she's calling."

"Wantin'! Her hands are in the flour, and she's out of lard."

"It's a shame she's had to wait, and she's so busy," said the man, still sitting. "But, Araminty, my mind is so filled up about this business in Egypt!"

"Ye don't say! Have they been lynchin' anybody down in Pulasky County!"

"This is Egypt 'way over in Africa, Araminty."

"Now I ought to have knowed that," said the girl, admiringly, as she seated herself on the sawbuck. "Your mind is always a-roamin' round in furrin countries, makin' itself at home."

"You see, Araminty, the English General Gordon is shut up there at Khartoom, and Wolseley's all this time foolin' round on the Nile."

"Nile! the Scriptur' Nile?" asked the girl. "D'ye mean to tell me they're runnin' that old river yet?"

"Why, yes. Khartoom is on the Nile, where the river forks, you know."

"Well, I never! An' I s'pose there are bulrushes an' everything just as natural as ever."

"I suppose so," said the man, cautiously. "But I'm mighty worried. Why don't he strengthen Stewart to meet them Arabs?"

"Arabs! them's Africans, ain't they?"

"New kind of," said Abram, doubtfully.

"It beats me all holler. I thought all them old Scriptur' places were laid on the shelf, sacred like, an' here's a Bible-readin' nation fightin' over them golden sands with a passel of niggers. It does seem blasphemious. I s'pose an Englishman wouldn't think nothin' of chippin' off a piece of Lot's wife to salt his mush."

But Abram's mind ran on graver matters. "What Wolseley ought to do is to mount his nag an' head the column."

"I do declare, Mr. Wilkins, ye ought to be in the army. You do seem to have such an understandin' of fightin' ways."

"I was a soldier once, Araminty; but you see I've lost two of my front teeth, and I can't bite off the cattridges."

"Sure enough; that's a pity. But," she added, her face lighting up, "you could tell them when to shoot."

"Araminta! Ara-min-ta!"

"Oh, laws! I clean forgot. There she's callin' me."

"Araminty, you needn't mention me when you go in. I'll come when I finish this." The girl began loading her arms with wood.

"Araminty," said the man, as she started out, "I wish the butcher would be a little more particular when he wraps up the meat. There are some places I can't quite make out."

"The roast came in brown paper to-day, but I did see a piece of readin' around Million's boots that has been cobbled. I'll git it fur you."

"Oh!" sighed the man, "if I could get just one whole fresh paper of my own! But Philey is so particular about the change. It seems to me she knows the price of everything that was ever made. Some day I am determined to assert myself, Araminty; I will. Some morning I am going to stand out on the front pavement and buy a paper of a newsboy, if it costs as much as five cents. What's more, I'll sit down on the front steps, in the face of all the boarders, and read every word of it."

"Ar-a-min-ta-a!"

"Yes, 'm; I'm comin' as fast as I can," the girl shouted back. The man resumed his reading.

A young girl twirling her dust-brush came singing into the hot basement kitchen.

"Pinky, where's your father?"

"I don't know, mother; but I'll go right and see."

"I suppose he's wearing that wood-pile out as usual. He's enough to vex a saint. I burn every scrap of paper I can find, but I believe he picks them out of ash barrels."

"But it's all the pleasure he has, mother."

"I don't see that it helps him to make a living."

"Oh, mother," said the young girl, "we ought to be so thankful that he doesn't drink any more! It used to be so terrible when he came home crazy with liquor. At least he is gentle and peaceable."

"And lazy."

"It isn't that, mother. Mr. Million says this paralysis of will power is nature's safeguard. You see, drinking so long has caused disintegration of the tissues; and if he should exert himself much, something would give way and kill him. Mr. Million says—"

"That snip! What does he know?"

"He graduates next spring at the Northwestern Medical College," said the young girl, blushing, and with dignity.

"I wish he'd graduate in hot biscuit. He ate nine for breakfast."

To this the young girl made no reply, but started toward the wood-house.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Wilkins had got back," said Araminta, who was wiping the dishes with great dexterity and much clamor.

Pinky peeped in the wood-house door. "There, I've caught you, dear old sly fox! Didn't you hear mother call?"

The man was lying prone on the wood-pile drawing chalk lines on the rough board sides. He jumped up at the sound of the girl's voice.

"Why, Pinky, is it possible your poor hard-working mother has been calling me and I didn't hear? Pinky, it seems to me I could hear your mother's voice if I was in Jericho."

He talked nervously, trying to screen the chalk marks from the girl's eyes.

"Ah, dad, you've been in mischief!" said Pinky, trying to peep behind him.

"Why, when, Pinky."

"There, behind you, marking up this nice borrowed wood-house."

The man blushed like a girl. "You see, Pinky, I can't sleep, thinking about Gordon, and planning to get him out. Now here, Pinky"—taking up a long splinter—"this is Khartoom, and here's Gubat, and there's Korti. You see that line—"

"But, father, Gordon is dead. Didn't you know?"

"Lies, Pinky, lies. Look at Livingstone."

"But he is, father. There's no doubt."

"Dog gone it! D'ye mean to tell me, Pinky Wilkins, that they let him die like a rat in a hole, when they'd only to— Oh, Pinky"—his voice dropped—"if I'd only known that, them pies would have been made, for I'm not fool enough to lie here and plan for a dead man. It all comes, Pinky, from not letting me have the morning paper. I suppose the one I've been reading is as much as two weeks old. If your mother is waiting, Pinky, it is simply retribution."

"But you will hurry now, won't you, father? We're going to have huckleberry pie for dinner, and I'll save you a piece."

"Don't get into bad habits, Pinky; don't be promising what you can't perform. You can never save a piece of such huckleberry pie as your mother makes from them boarders."

"But I will. I'll cut the pie myself, and put away the first piece for you. Now do go along, that's a good father;" and with gentle hand she steered him to the back alley door, his own private passageway. Then he turned.

"Pinky, I'd like to keep an errand-boy for your mother. She's a poor hard-working woman. If I only had a position, I'd hire her one. Indeed I would. Maybe some of the boys could get me a position. I wonder if Million has any influence? All I need is influence;" and his voice was lost behind the closed door.

After dinner the boys, as the students were known in the house, grouped themselves as usual on the front-door steps. When Pinky came out, they eagerly made a place for her, for the fair, gentle young girl reigned like a queen among them.

Baxter, who had been practising on a small church at Sparta, down on the Central road, was giving some account of the methods employed. The boys laughed.

Baxter was not dismayed. "Oh yes, you fellows may laugh; but I tell you there was a great awakening."

"When you got through?" drawled a carefully dressed youth.

A shout again arose. "Million needn't say anything," added another. "Did you ever read his telegrams? He sent one to Doc Durivage. Doc sent him down to the junction to see about a brakeman, and Million telegraphed him: 'You need not come. Deceased is dead.'"

After the hilarity had subsided, Baxter drew out his watch. "This is prayer-meeting night, and I've got to light up."

"And I've got a quiz."

Thus with one excuse and another the youths made off, leaving Pinky and young Million alone on the steps—a polite consideration they showed every evening, but always with the same illusion of pressing business.

The two young people were silent for a few moments. Finally the youth said, looking up at the stars,

"A lovely night."

"Yes," said Pinky; "the stars are beginning to come out."

Another silence descended.

"We ought to have fine nights right along now," began the youth again.

"I shouldn't be very much surprised if we would," said Pinky, ably seconding him.

Again silence fell. Then Pinky's soft voice was heard: "Mr. Million."

Young Million hastily came over and threw himself on the steps at her feet. "What is it, Pinky?"

"I want to ask you a question."

"Well, Pinky?" looking up eagerly at her.

"Have you any influence?"

"Influence, Pinky? You've got me there. Blamed if I know. Influence where—with whom?"

"I don't know—just with anybody."

"I have with mother. I haven't with my tailor; and as for the governor, it's just nip and tuck. But if you'll tell me why you ask, perhaps I can answer you better."

"Don't tell the boys, but poor father wants so much to get a place, and you know he can't do it without influence. You know so many people, and—"

"Pinky, we'll get him a place," he said, identifying himself immediately with the project. "Of course it must be right in this town. Let me think." He sat up and began to chew the knob of his cane thoughtfully. "The best thing would be a political office. The very thing, Pinky. I know an alderman who would just do anything for father. They go whacks in corn and oats. Father gave me a letter to him, and he asked me to dinner. But I didn't go."

"Oh, I hope you haven't offended him."

"Well, you see, I hate to dress; and then, some way, I'd rather take my dinner here quietly. But I'll make it all right with him. I'll go to-morrow."

"Will you tell him then?" asked Pinky, anxiously.

"Yes, I might as well. He'll put me right on to the straight thing. You know those aldermen have it all at their finger-ends. But we'd better decide first on what we want."

"Oh, I don't care what it is, if it is only easy and has a nice salary."

It being decided to ask for an appointment, Mr. Million wisely argued it would be better to ask for several in different directions, for if one failed, why, there were the others. This decision had its good features, but also its complications; for it transpired that two eager young politicians had unwittingly opposed Abram Wilkins as deputy-sheriff against Abram Wilkins as janitor of a ward school, and in consequence two other men got the places. Abram had also other difficulties. As section boss in the Street-cleaning Department he was swapped off for a scrub-woman in the City Hall, and as Excise Clerk he was traded for a colored messenger.

In the mean time Mr. Million's studies in the Northwestern Medical College suffered greatly, but the youth was consoled by the light in Pinky's bright eyes and her grateful and admiring appreciation of his efforts. At length these were rewarded, and he came home with the appointment of Abraham Wilkins as lamp-lighter to the district lying between Indiana and Illinois avenues, Madison Street and the river. As both Mr. Million's and Pinky's ideas on the subject of appointments had been greatly modified, this was looked upon as a gratifying success.

As for Abram, when he had received his torch, no boy with his first gun could have been more pleased, and Pinky had immediately to make for him a flannel case in which to keep it.

The first night was one of sleepless agitation throughout the house. The hour for lighting the city lamps depends on the movements of the moon. When the moon rises, the lamps are put out, and when the moon sets, the lamp-lighter rises and sallies forth. If, when the moon is due, clouds obscure its light, that is no fault of the city. The city attends to its own business, and does not hold itself responsible for heaven's delinquencies. On this night the moon set about two o'clock, and at that hour Abram must be on his beat. The anxiety in the house lest he should oversleep himself was great.

"Pinky, are you awake?" Mrs. Wilkins called, hearing a noise in the adjoining room.

"Yes, mother; I am seeing what time it is."

After a silence Pinky cried, "Mother, is that you?"

"Yes, Pinky. Go to sleep, child. It's only a little after twelve."

Upstairs, Baxter and young Million were holding similar conversations. Shortly after one o'clock there was a simultaneous emerging from doors, stealthy steps on the stairs, and sudden encounters on landings.

But the precautions were useless. After the family had retired, Abram had taken a bath, put on his Sunday clothes, and with his torch in his hand seated himself on a chair before the clock in the dining-room. In the morning the slaughter of matches showed how unwearying had been his vigil.

It was with dismay the family learned in the evening that Abram had mistaken his beat, and lighted the wrong district. A procession of angry householders had been protesting against the way tax-payers were served.

For some nights all went smoothly, but in time Abram, who still sat up until the hour for lighting, overcome with sleep, was found by Araminta in the morning, leaning his head on the torch, asleep.

For this omission he was relieved of his torch, and gloom overshadowed the house. Abram sat in the wood-house, silent and uncomplaining, but stricken with mortification. Araminta carried him surreptitious newspapers, and Pinky bore him dainties, but without response. As Mr. Million went out from dinner, Pinky followed him with trembling lips and swollen eyes.

"Please don't blame me, Mr. Million—Bob. But I'm so unhappy! Don't you suppose we could get influence enough to get the torch back? It nearly kills me to see poor father."

Mr. Million put his arm sympathetically around Pinky's waist. "Please don't cry, Pinky. It takes all of the heart out of me. Your father shall have that torch back, if I have to organize a mass-meeting in the Park."

Mr. Million speedily got up a petition, which all the staff of the Northwestern Medical College signed, and with Baxter's assistance secured the names of the entire faculty of the Theological Seminary. Thus moved, the city authorities once more transferred the office of lamp-lighter to Abraham Wilkins.

When Abram got back his torch, the tears stood in his eyes.

"See how they've treated her, Araminty! Grease all down the sides, and the steel speckled with rust. It's blamed inhumanity, that's what it is. I wouldn't have treated a dog that way. Could you lend me a few ashes and a rag, Araminty?"

It was late in September. A storm had been brooding. The moon was not due until after midnight, but clouds overhung the sky, and the night was pitchy black. Abram plunged along through the darkness, catching his feet in the holes of the worn plank sidewalks. But he was a patient man, and was generally too much absorbed in the affairs of nations to pay attention to small items of personal discomfort.

As he recovered himself, through the darkness he saw a black object moving up the white surface of a wall. He knew the house. It was once a fine old residence, but now stood amid untrimmed trees and overgrown foliage, and was inhabited by the eccentric widow of one of the former magnates of the place. She was known to be rich, penurious, and to hold skeptical views concerning the value of banks and the integrity of servants. Accordingly she sent away the latter at dark, after which she barricaded the house in ways peculiarly feminine.

Abram watched the dark spot move upward, and perceived that the upper window, over an overhanging balcony, was open.

"Burglars!—two of them. They got up by the climbers."

Abram bounded up the wall and over the hedge. As the thief disappeared through the window, Abram began the cat-like ascent of the wall by means of the tangled wistaria branches, holding his torch tightly grasped under his arm. When he reached the window he swung himself over on to the balcony and into the room. He heard the stealthy steps of the man in front of him, and then a woman's smothered screams.

"Stifle her, you clumsy brute! You're not fit to wait on women."

Cursing as he stumbled over the various articles of furniture that had been dragged out into the middle of the floor, the man crossed the hall into a room opposite.

Abram followed him swiftly, and as he entered the door, with one blow of the torch struck him down. The thief fell against his partner, who was endeavoring to gag the woman, and in the shock all three fell to the floor. Abram sprang upon them. He was a tall, angular man, but in his youth lithe and active. His long arms and legs were still supple, and he wound them now around the struggling men like a black-snake around its prey.

The woman perceived in this new force an ally, and regained her courage.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I've got you any place. But creep out, if you can, and scream your purtiest," Abram managed to say.

The two men beneath him fell face to face. The under man was partly held by the weight of the upper, and the other was literally pinioned, hands and arms, by Abram's peculiar structure. His feet acted as hooks to keep his legs in place, that were twined around the various legs beneath. His arms wound around the upper man, crossed and clutched like claws of steel the lower to hold him down.

"Collie, slip your hand into your pocket and get your knife."

"Do it yourself, and pretty quick, too. That screech-owl there is raising the town."

The sounds that went up and down the street from the window might indeed make the heart of the stoutest burglar quail. Presently the rattle of the police and the sounds of rapid feet were heard.

"Can you hold on while I slip down and unbolt the door?" the woman asked.

Abram did not speak; while he had strength to cling, he had no strength to waste on words.

The men now wriggled violently beneath him in one last effort to free themselves, and Abram gathered his strength together to tighten anew his clasp. He had reached the last limit of his force, he knew. It seemed to him hours, but it was scarcely seconds, until the policemen rushed into the room and threw the light on the animate heap before them.

"We'll surrender, cop, if you'll take this boa-constrictor off," said the man called Collie.

The men were handcuffed, and Abram got up and staggered against the wall. In his blue eyes a fierce light shone, but every muscle was limp. The policemen looked at him curiously as he sank into a chair.

"Boys, is this a rival? How did he come here?"

"Say, old porous-plaster, who invited you?" asked the younger man, Collie.

Abram started. "Where's my torch? I must go. I'm behindhand to-night."

"Torch? That's what he floored me with." The two burglars nodded.

"You are the lamp-lighter?" asked one of the police.

Abram nodded.

"Well, I guess you'd better wait for the sun now, and go with us."

Abram made another effort to get up, and sank down again with a smile. "Something inside of me seems to have got unhitched. Can't you get along without me to-night, cop?" he asked, faintly.

"You do seem to be beat out," the policeman answered, and taking his name and address, the two went off with their captives. When the rescued widow returned from seeing the burglars safely out the door, Abram was still sitting where they had left him.

"You must be wanting to get the house quiet, ma'am," he said as he got up, and holding on to the chairs and door, made his way to the stairs.

The woman was still too dazed to recover her speech, but as she followed him, holding a candle above her head, she said, "Well, I declare, you are the most enduring man I ever saw in my life."

Abram made his way home slowly. He felt no pain, only an inability to move his body. The day was breaking when he reached home. Araminta, coming out to sweep the front steps, found him leaning against the door, speechless.

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, you've been and at it again! What'll she say?"

Abram opened his eyes.

"I'll get you in, if it's the last thing I ever do in this life. Backslidin's and fallin's from grace is the lot of mortals here below."

Shortly after, a ring at the door called Araminta, and her mistress was astonished to hear her say that Mr. Wilkins had gone to the butcher's, and from there to buy feed for the horses, and he said something about stopping at the Exchange to learn how wheat was going. She rather thought he wouldn't be in until evening. He was mighty irregular about his meals.

"Araminta, I think Abram is asleep," the mistress said, seeing the policeman at the door. Araminta started, but with great presence of mind turned her back on the policeman, and gave her mistress a mute but expressive glance.

The policeman, explaining, said, "We've been expecting him at the station this morning, but I was afraid, from his condition last night, he wouldn't be himself this morning."

As he spoke, Araminta now directed at him a series of facial contortions fearful to behold, but utterly inexplicable, and Mrs. Wilkins called over the balusters, "Pinky, see if your father is there?"

Araminta walked up to the man and looked him directly in the face.

"I'll never leave my dishes to talk to you," and went straight to the kitchen.

"Mother! mother!" cried Pinky, "father isn't asleep, but he looks so strange!"

"Never mind me," said Abram, faintly; "I just need to rest a little longer."

"It was an awful trial of a man's strength," said the policeman, telling the story. "All the force are talking about it."

"Let down the bed in the back parlor, Araminta, and put on all the best things," cried Mrs. Wilkins.

Thither they led Abram.

"Pinky, it was awful game of your father," said young Million; but he looked very grave. It was through his persuasions that two of the most imposing of the faculty of the Northwestern Medical College came down that evening. They, too, looked grave.

"There is lesion somewhere," said the elder; "medicines can't reach it. Nurse him well and keep up his system; we must leave the rest to nature."

"Doc," said Abram, "there's something unbuttoned in there. I guess I'm slipping out of these earthly garments."

Araminta was in a state of humiliation all day, and quoted at herself vigorous and unrelenting passages which she believed to be from the Bible.

"There that blessed man had been rescuing the widow and the fatherless, as men are commanded to do in the Scriptur', and I thought he was drunk. Yea, verily, the proud and vainglorious get come up with. They snort like war-horses from afar, and make pretty fools of themselves."

But when the evening paper came, she forgot her mortification. The burglar Collie, who was both good-natured and appreciative, had given such an admiring account of "Old Anaconda's" grip that the affair became almost an event.

"The case creates greater interest," the paper went on to state, "since one of the men proves to be Edward Caldwell, *alias* Teddy Larkins, *alias* Collie the Colt, for whom several express companies have offered rewards amounting to $5000."

"And such a distinguished burglar too!" said Araminta, flushed with the exercise of reading aloud.

Abram listened with the same patient, contented smile. He did not speak for some time. Finally he said: "Philey, I think you had better get some little house in the outskirts. Cost, say, $1500 or $2000. And put the rest in bond and mortgage—firsts, remember. Women oughtn't to touch anything but firsts."

His wife, now sorely stricken, looked around. "His mind is wandering."

"No, Philey; the reward, you know. You've always been a hard-working woman; you must have it: and don't let wicked and presuming men cheat you out of it. Take Araminta with you; she's always good and faithful. Pinky—"

The young girl ran and knelt at her father's side. He put one hand on her head.

"Pinky'll be taken care of, but I want you to get her some pretty ribbons and fixin's first. Young Million's a good fellow, true and honest; maybe he pays too much attention to his shoes and scarf-pins, but that 'll mend. There he is. Here, Million." The young fellow went round and knelt by Pinky's side.

"You must be good to Pinky, and Pinky must be good to you."

He who had always been a quiet, shy man, now talked, but his strength seemed to be slowly going.

"Wouldn't you like me to read to you?"

"Oh, Baxter, is it you? You'd like to read a little in the Bible now, wouldn't you?"

"If you would like to hear. Maybe there is something special—a chapter you like?"

"There's about Gideon. I always liked that."

Baxter began to read the spirited old story. Abram listened with great attention, making comments here and there. "Don't you see, when he chose them that lapped up that way he knew they wouldn't be finding fault about the rations, and wantin' tin cups and tumblers. They'd just take things rough and tumble."

Baxter read on, and Abram's pale face lighted up. "There!" said he, bringing his frail hand, with all its flickering force, on the coverlet. "Don't ye see? There's strategy and concerted action. That's the great thing. Supposin' they'd blowed the trumpets and broke the pitchers like sheep goin' over the fence, they'd 'a been whipped, sure. Baxter, the Lord's the great general."

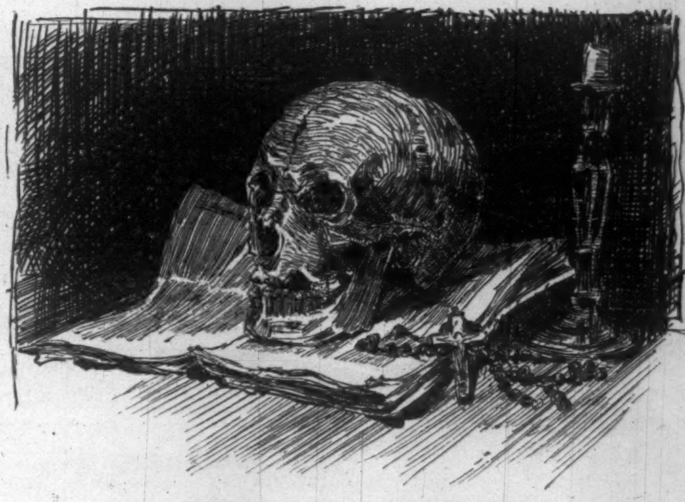
"And you are one of His soldiers?" asked the young man, persuasively.

"I'm afraid I'm a mighty poor stick," answered Abram, solemnly.

"Let us pray," said the young man.

The little group fell on their knees around the bedside. When it arose, Abram was not there. He had joined the ranks on the other side.

Mary Gay Humphreys.



STUDY OF STILL LIFE.—Julia Poindexter.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

Nothing could be more interesting or instructive, were it possible to do it, than to compare the present exhibition of the American Water-color Society with one of the displays which signalized the early existence of that body—about ten years since, for instance. There was no mean ability displayed in those days, so recent in fact, and yet so seeming remote; but to-day how significant is the change that has taken place, and how eloquent is it of the robust and sturdy growth of the youthful art of the country!

Comparatively few practitioners of the art of water-color painting knew at the beginning what a water-color drawing really was. They painted, for the most part, in body-color, applying it in opaque masses, and betraying neither knowledge of nor sympathy with pure, transparent color, in the use of which, modified or otherwise, the chief charm and beauty of this art repose. Their deficiencies, however, were graver than such as are implied by an indifferent method or feeble technical acquirement: they were those of unformed and uncertain purpose, of poverty of the mind, and of a devious and undirected artistic sense.

The exhibition of to-day discloses a very different state of things, and either of two notable pictures that it contains would have wholly disconcerted and routed any one of the gatherings of the earlier period. Now, however, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's "Old Song" and M. Édouard Détaille's "Review by Canrobert" are to be classified as contributions of great and surpassing distinction, and not as whales in a butter-boat.

Taken as a whole, and most interestingly supplemented as it is by the admirable display of the New York Etching Club, it is a most brilliant and cheerful exhibition, full of variety, of sterling merit, of new ambitions, and of wholesome promise. On every hand there is the evidence of honest effort, of an intense sincerity, and of a most unquenchable spirit of artistic endeavor struggling against and triumphing over obstacles and discouragement. To any careful student of our progress—our purely domestic and independent progress—in art, it must convey a very agreeable impression of what an early future has in store for us.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, painting in the seclusion of an English village, which half a dozen Americans and a few others have invaded and wholly possessed as a permanent home of summer study, sends, after a long and regretted neglect, a contribution to the present exhibition. It is a large picture, as our water-colors go, and the subject comprises a girl singing to her own accompaniment upon a harp while two older persons listen. The girl, a graceful figure in simple white, innocent of any modern fashion, with loose fine red hair and upturned face, stands by her tall instrument, with fingers softly sweeping its strings. At some little distance, and shadowed by the window-casing and the corner of the room, sit a man and a woman, two hands clasped between them, and in their mien and bearing such subtle denotement of gentle and touching emotion as if the cadences of the harp and the voice of the singer had both been painted equally into the picture. The room is of great beauty, oak-panelled, with a deep mullioned window, a broad fire-place with blazing fire, and above the mantel a picture of a rare and delightful relation of color. Everything is treated with the utmost simplicity, and without a trace of fine painting, but the harmony of it all is perfect, and it breathes a sentiment that is profoundly gracious.

The detail of the drawing in this beautiful picture is of remarkable quality, the unswerving fidelity to a perspective that creates illusions with every change of one's point of view, the erudition that informs each little fact or accessory—these are all matters most instructive and interesting. But for all that such a separate and fascinating character belongs to them, they are as insignificant compared with that rare little measure of ideality, that subtlest endowment of all, which leavens the whole, and irresistibly compels our admiration and our thanks.

The seriousness and thoughtfulness of this work, its purposefulness, the application of mind, and the degree of cultivation of the head rather than of the hand that it discloses—these, if rightly comprehended of many of our younger artists, should inspire much profitable reflection. They should ponder them the more sympathetically when they recall that they are in this case the attributes of an American, and of an American that had no advantages of Paris or Munich, or of early attrition with any school of art. Denied the most obvious advantages of the modern art student, he has achieved the first place by application and by a modest determination to learn something. The technical legerdemain in which so many of our younger men find their delight, cultivating their hands and neglecting their heads, had no allurements for Mr. Abbey. He has arrived, and he has grown on his journey, and we are very proud of him.

Mr. F. S. Church, of all American artists, and a very distinctively American artist he is in all of his appertainings, is the one who has captivated the fancy of the French critics. He has imagination, Mr. Church has, and a very charming bent there is to it. A delicate fancy, a delightful sense of decoration, and a most agreeable humor characterize all of his conceits, be they dreamy maidens sailing the empyrean seated on the comfortless horn of the pale new moon, or a frozen Love and a chilled tomtit warming their members at the spark of Dawn. These things are always pervaded by a genial and contagious sentiment; humor, playful and fantastic, is in every part of them, and the idea never fails to win us, whether it be by reason of its intrinsic novelty and invention or the manner of his conveying it. In this year's exhibition Mr. Church depicts a maiden whose witchery has won her the love of the most untamable of fierce creatures. She walks the woods in gentle meditation, while a great tiger rubs his head against her drooping arm with a most subtly conveyed sense and action of that feline act, while on her other side his rival snarls his jealous resentment. Another picture of his shows this same gifted siren ruining the peace of mind of certain worthy peacocks. Always pleasant, always original, and guilty of no sort of smallness or trickery in his art, Mr. Church's fame has reached abroad, while his popularity at home is unbounded.

It is unnecessary to particularize here the drawings illustrated on another page, but the interest of the exhibition is by no means limited to these. There are some charming marine subjects, including a fine piece of wave drawing by Mr. H. P. Smith, a very masterly performance from every point of view; and some delightful European studies by Mr. Arthur Quartley, beautiful little bits of pure color and conscientious out-door study, revealing this excellent artist in his best mood and quality. Mr. M. F. H. de Haas has a very clever work, and Mr. W. T. Richards the finest example that he has exhibited in years.

There are admirable landscapes by all of the best men, Mr. Shurtleff, Mr. Thomas Moran, Mr. Bruce Crane, Mr. Sam Coleman, Mr. C. W. Eaton, and others appearing at their best. Mr. Jervis McEntee exhibits a woodland study, surpassing in its simple adherence to simple facts, its truth and beauty of color, and its completeness any picture that he has exhibited in years. Mr. William B. Baker contributes a beautifully executed *sous-bois* effect of marvellous delicacy and charm of color, and Mr. H. W. Ranger a number of landscapes of uncommon interest and merit. This last is a young artist of unflagging industry and undoubted promise.

W. M. Laffan.

PLATFORM DEER-SHOOTING.

In the immense rugged forests of the lake-bound State of Michigan, where huge white pines and hemlocks tower above the more picturesque groves of maple and beech, is one of the great summer homes of the common red deer. This is especially so in the upper peninsula, where the law permits them to be shot between the 15th of August and the 15th of November; while in the lower peninsula the open season is from the 1st of October to the 1st of December, and in Wisconsin only from November 1 to December 15. Owing, however, to the peculiar habit of the deer of migrating in scattering bands to upper Michigan from the central and northern part of Wisconsin at the approach of spring, the law prohibits their capture by means of pitfalls or traps, which could be successfully constructed in their paths.

After spending the spring and early summer months in the vast wilderness, where they find a safe harbor and an abundance of food, they turn their faces southward about the 1st of August, and come rambling back to their winter-quarters in less bleak latitudes. Owing to the geographical construction of the country, their lines of travel run nearly north and south. In many places the diverging trails in the north concentrate as they approach Wisconsin. Occasionally the lay of the country causes them to converge and run almost parallel to each other within short distances, and these paths are known as main trails.

It is in such localities as these that the hunters have adopted a mode of destroying the deer that is unknown in other sections of the country. This method is called platform or scaffold shooting, and leads to the killing of hundreds of deer every season. As the paths run through a well-wooded country, the hunters have constructed brush fences by felling small trees and entwining branches and young sprouts in the rude barrier. These fences run diagonally across the trails, and at the southern end of the fences platforms are built, usually in the outspreading branches of the great pines, or sometimes on the top of log scaffoldings. The platforms are constructed about twenty-five feet from the ground, and are large enough to accommodate a couple of hunters.

From these elevated positions there is but little fear of the timid deer winding their human foes. Running from the end of the fence to the platform, avenues are cut in the young timber to allow the hunters a good view of the deer, and thus secure a good shot. Frequently, however, the hunters avail themselves of natural openings in the woodland, where they build their platforms, and to which they direct the lines of fencing.

When the first gleams of sunlight brighten the barkless tree-tops, the deer rises from his grassy bed. He shakes the dew-drops from his grayish-red coat, and taking several steps forward, drinks in the delicate aroma of the forest. Presently he is joined by others of his kind from branching trails. Sauntering slowly onward, and occasionally stopping for a moment to nibble some tempting blade of grass, or to lap the refreshing waters of some trickling rill, the leader winds his way, followed by the tripping does. The red glare of the sun dispels the morning dampness, and dead twigs begin to crackle beneath the delicate footsteps. How quickly the buck rears his head, and pauses at these startling sounds! He no longer lingers on the journey; his steps come quicker, until he breaks into a graceful lope, and the pattering footsteps of the herd break the death-like silence. But the day is growing warm, and after a scamper of a mile or more the little band drop back into a walk again. Beneath scraggy, armless pines, across glassy glades, and through softwood groves, until the fatal fence is reached which lies across their path, they go their way. They halt but for an instant, and then turning sharp to one side, they follow down the fence, often being joined by other deer from branching trails, until they reach the broad avenue at the side of which the hunters are awaiting their approach. Several deer have passed that way that morning, and in two spots the earth is drinking up their blood. When our little party stray in range of the hunters' stand, two faint puffs of smoke will drift through the leafy canopy, and two more trophies will be scored before the hunters' work is done.

Although the law both in Michigan and in Wisconsin thus prohibits the shooting of deer except upon their migration southward in the autumn, deer are to be found in northern Wisconsin all the year round, and are at no season effectually protected by the game-laws. The summer traveller on the Wisconsin Central may often see, close beside the track, the rude scaffolding, partly concealed by a screen of withered boughs, and made accessible from the ground by a ladder, which constitutes a "deer box." While the deer are in winter-quarters, though the venison cannot be safely marketed, deer are shot for their own use by the settlers and the loggers whose camps dot at intervals the wilderness of pine. A deer box is a very common adjunct of a loggers' camp. When the weather is bitterly cold and the camp is snowed in, the venison thus obtained is a very desirable addition to the camp larder. At such seasons it is not uncommon for the deer, forgetting their timidity in their need of food and shelter, to make their way to the camp and to crowd in among the cattle in the sheds. It is this mid-winter shooting that is depicted on the front page of this issue of the Weekly.

CAGED.

Sing, bird, sing, for you know not sorrow;
  You are content within gilded bars.
If you were free, do you think you could borrow
  A higher note from the mystic stars?

Large and white in the skies above you
  The pale moon shines in the winter night.
Sing, my bird, for I hear and love you—
  Oh, to be free in that radiant height!

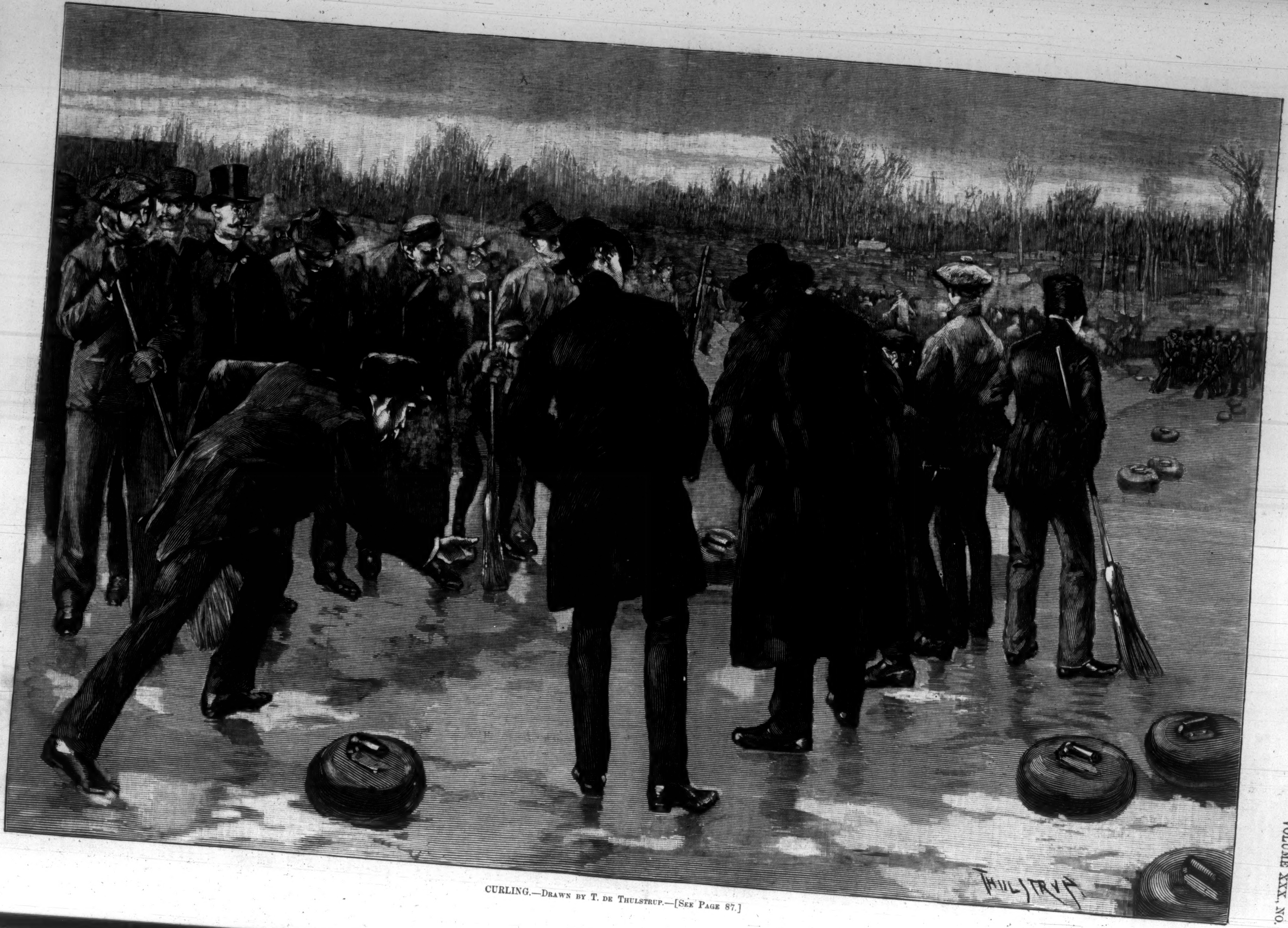
A tremulous note across the sweetness,
  A flutter and droop of your delicate wing:
You, too, know it—life's incompleteness—
  When one is caged, ah! how can one sing?

Bird, my bird, do you still remember
  That sweet spring day when our hearts were young,
And never a breath of a bleak December
  Marred the joy of the song that you sung?

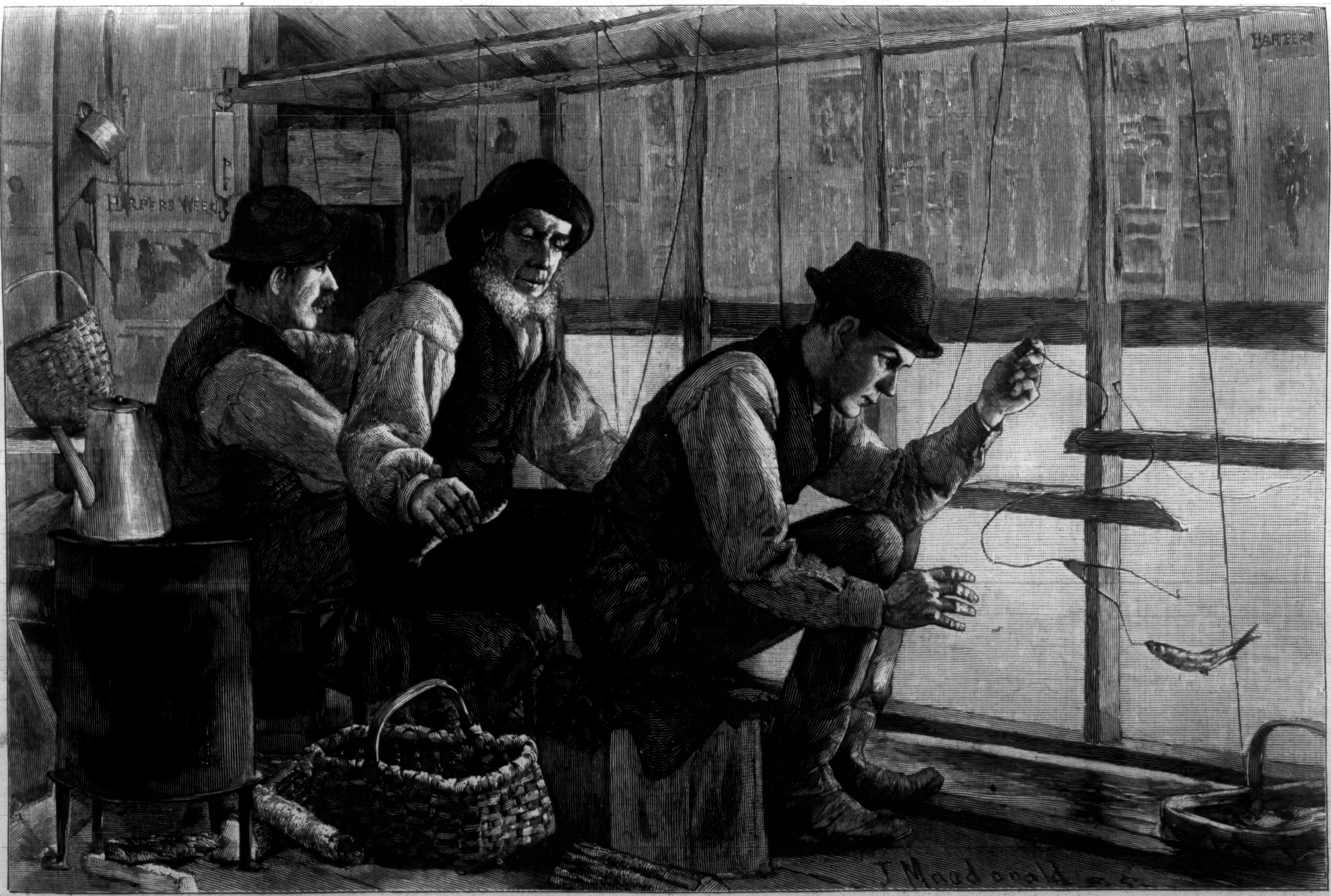
Morn so cloudless, a dream of wonder,
  The wide world sweet with the May-tide breath;
Night had parted our lives asunder—
  Which is the stronger, bird, Love or Death?

Caged, my bird, and I cannot free you!
  Life of my life is your life, my bird.
Flutter and sing to me, for when I see you
  And hear you my weary spirit is stirred

With the old infinite rapturous longing
  Born of the glow of a long-dead spring;
Thoughts of my past come crowding and thronging:
  Bring me my youth again—sing to me, sing!



CURLING.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 87.]


HARPER'S
HARPER'S WEEKLY
J. Macdonald

SMELT-FISHING.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 94.]

BUDDHIST MORALS.

The leading principle of Buddhism is to acquire merit. There are a good many ways of doing it, some of which are good and others not quite so good. You may lay up a store by giving abundant alms to the yellow-robed monks as they come round in the morning with their alms' bowl held before them in their clasped hands, and you may add to it by flinging stones at the unregenerate who walk about with their boots on in places where they ought not to. You may build a rest-house, or a monastery, or a pagoda, or have a bell or an image cast, and enter a goodly sum on the credit side toward another existence, and you do not lose any of this if by chance your plan should have been too ambitious, and you find that you are unable to pay for the material you employed on the task. The purveyors should be content with the share they have had in a good work. To take any life at all, even that of a scorpion that has bitten you, or any smaller and less dangerous creature that may have done the same thing, would be a grievous sin. The Manichæans say that the souls of farmers become herbs, so that they may be cut down and threshed out. The baker becomes bread, and is eaten. The killer of a fowl becomes a fowl, and of a rat, a rat. The Buddhists go nearly as far. Fishermen are represented as dangling by the tongue on a fish-hook, while demons draw him up and drop him down again into a lake of boiling pitch; but though you may not catch fish or kill animals for yourself, there is no demerit in buying the flesh of them, if a fore-doomed hunter or fisherman, or any of those who have not become Buddhists, should offer it to you. There is no sin in setting snares to catch and kill tigers or cheetahs that may come after your oxen or fowls; you even gain small merit by doing so. You must not tell lies, on pain of torture in one of the eight hells; but if you are brought up, whether you like it or not, to bear witness against a man being tried on a capital charge, you are held guiltless if you diverge from the truth in order to save the life of a fellow-creature, especially if that man be a co-religionist. It may be concluded that the more pious a Buddhist is, the more capable he is of demonstrating that any religious matter is entirely right or entirely wrong, and that whichever way he acts he is sure of deriving merit from it.

SMELT FISHING.

Fishing through the ice in the neighborhood of New York when the men of to-day were boys was carried on more for sport than profit. Now it has become an industry, especially in the Northeast, where hundreds of persons earn by it a respectable living. Our markets at this season are stocked with fishes that have been taken through the ice, and the supply is so abundant that street hawkers can afford to offer "fine *big* smelt, only six cents a pound," and the diner at cheap *table d'hôtes* is no longer overwhelmed with delight to find smelt *à la sauce Tartare* on his bill of fare.

These delicious little fish—and the smaller the better—come principally from Maine, although opposite Burlington, Vermont, in Lake Champlain, they are taken in sufficient numbers to constitute a trade. The St. Lawrence River is also a famous ground for winter fishermen, who make good catches of smelt and "tomcods." No longer does the half-frozen angler stand on one leg by his hole in the ice, and change his line from hand to hand a dozen times a minute, and spend a quarter of an hour in baiting his hook. He sits now in a comfortable shanty heated by a stove, with often several partners to keep him company, and fishes through a long and narrow opening in the floor, which is over a corresponding hole cut in the ice. Then, when the fish do not bite, the opening is covered over with planks, and cots are made up for the men.

As soon as the ice forms at the beginning of winter, the shanties are pulled out from the shore and placed on the edge of the channels, and as near to the open water down-stream as possible. The holes in the ice are cut, and if the position is good and fish bite rapidly, they are kept open as the ice thickens. If, however, the place selected is found to be a poor one, then the shanty is shifted about until the right spot is found. Often without apparent reason the fish stop biting; then the houses are moved about a good deal, looking for new grounds, and sometimes at Damariscotta, Maine, almost the whole little village of one hundred huts can be seen moving about over the bay in various directions, presenting a curious and novel scene.

Many of the "smelt houses" are small enough to haul on a boy's hand sled, those used at Damariscotta being about four by five feet in size. They are frame structures, walled with cotton drilling, and, to prevent their blowing away, are made fast to the ice by grappling-irons. Usually there is but one man to each house, single houses being thought to be the best, as a gang of fishermen is supposed to make too much noise. It is said that the smelt bite best on cold, stormy days, and some fishermen assert that there are two varieties, known as the "school smelt" and the "permanent smelt"; the former, which is constantly moving about, are supposed to bite most readily. This smelt is distinguished by a light-colored back, while that of the other is dark. Many smelt fishermen work only at night, burning strong lights beside the holes to attract the fish. When this is done, sturgeons and other big fishes are also often attracted by the light, and drive the smelt away. In tide-waters the ebb or out-going tide is supposed to be the best time to fish, but is not to be relied upon with any certainty.

In some localities only one hook and line is used to a house, but it is more common for each man to "thumb" two or more lines, with several hooks attached to each line. In the large wooden shanties the hand ends of the lines are fastened to an overhead rack. Each fisherman is provided with two or more lines, which are rigged with leaden sinkers and wire spreaders, from the prongs of which dangle hooks of about No. 8 or 9, sproat, in size.

Every smelt fishery has its local prejudices and notions as to bait. Often whatever can be most easily obtained is used. In some places the favorite bait is the marsh minnow (*Hydrargyme*), which the fishermen collect in quantities in the autumn, and preserve alive in springs, or in their cellars in tanks of water. In other places they use clam-worms—long, red worms found in the mud where the long-neck clam abounds. Clams themselves are used, also chubs, smelts, raw beef, and hog's liver chopped fine. The fish are packed frozen in boxes, and their principal market is in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Although the smelt is a very common article of food, it is astonishing how little is known of its habitat and mode of capture by fish-mongers and consumers. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. G. Atkins, the distinguished pisciculturist, who for many years has been in charge of the salmon-breeding establishment at Bucksport, on the Penobscot River, Maine, I am enabled to give some interesting data on the smelt fisheries in that State. Smelts are taken not only in the Penobscot, but in many other rivers in Maine, and by various methods. The law permits fishing for them from October 1 to April 1, and in some places by some modes of capture the fishing continues during the entire period. But as some modes depend on the presence of ice for their successful prosecution, the principal fishing does not begin until December, and after the month of January the catch falls off materially in nearly all of the principal localities.

Mr. Atkins, who has been collecting statistics of these fisheries for the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, gives the following list of the chief localities and the methods employed by the smelt fishermen: Piscataqua River, a few weirs, not very important; York River, sometimes a weir, not important; Saco, a small hook fishery; Portland Harbor, a few weirs; Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick, Harpswell, localities on Casco Bay, where smelts are taken in weirs, and occasionally with a seine, which is only worked in autumn; Kennebec River, weir fisheries of some importance in Georgetown and Phippsburg; bag-net fisheries in Bath, Woolwich, and Bowdoinham; hook fishery of importance in Woolwich, discovered in 1878, and another in Winnegance Creek, an arm of the river between Bath and Phippsburg, discovered since 1880; Sheepscott River, small weir and hook fisheries; Damariscotta River, an important hook fishery in Damariscotta Bay, an expansion of the river at the head of the tide where the water is slightly salt (a few years ago there were 154 "houses" in use here, each house as a rule accommodating but one man), Waldoborough, a hook fishery of some importance; Thomaston, a weir fishery and a small hook fishery; Penobscot, the most productive of the State—smelts mainly taken in bag-nets A few are caught with hook at Belfast, and in a tributary of Penobscot Bay; Bagaduce River, a few miles east of Castine, in the towns of Sedgwick and Brooklin, is a hook fishery of some importance. The fishing of the river proper is wholly with bag-nets. Turning to the census bulletin of the fisheries of Maine prepared by Mr. Atkins in 1881, it is found that 992 persons were employed in the smelt fisheries of that State in that year, of which 328 belonged to the Kennebec and tributaries, 241 to the Penobscot, and 154 to the Damariscotta; that $29,994 was the capital employed in the apparatus used in the smelt fisheries, which consisted of 79 weirs, 313 dip and bag nets, and 4 seines; and that during the year 809,635 pounds of smelt were marketed, which secured a return of $44,057.

It is found that fishing with the bag-nets is most profitable. These nets are set at or near the bottom when practicable, and always in a strong current; in some places on ebb tide; in others, on flood. They are commonly 30 to 40 feet long, with a mouth spreading 12 to 18 feet in width and 10 feet in height. In certain localities, as between the piers of the bridge at Bucksport, they are fitted with long ropes that run through sheaves at the bottom of heavy poles which are set upon the bottom and lashed to the bridge. These ropes are the "down hauls," which pull the net down to its place; two other ropes are the "up hauls," whose name suggests their use; two more ropes are the "openers," by means of which the mouth of the net is opened after it has been drawn down. The fishermen set these nets when the tide is favorable, and draw them up just before the tide turns. In places where the ice makes strong enough, the poles are run down some thirty or forty feet into the water, never touching bottom, and the nets drawn down to their ends, the whole affair rising and falling with the tide. In still other places, where the water is too salt for ice, they sink very heavy "moorings"—great rocks—to the bottom, having fastened to them a piece of chain, and a long log or buoy, to the free end of which is attached a frame of wood on which the mouth of the net is stretched; this swings with the tide around the "mooring." These open-water nets are operated from boats; when the tide is slack, the buoyancy of the log and frame brings them to the surface; when the tide is running strong, it forces them to the bottom. A halyard which is attached to the upper part of the frame and also to the surface buoy enables the net to be drawn to the top of the water. All the nets are so rigged that the first effect of hauling on the halyard is to close the mouth.

In these nets, besides smelt, many other varieties of fish are taken, principally tomcods, flounders, sculpins, and herring. The best of the flounders and tomcods are also used for food.

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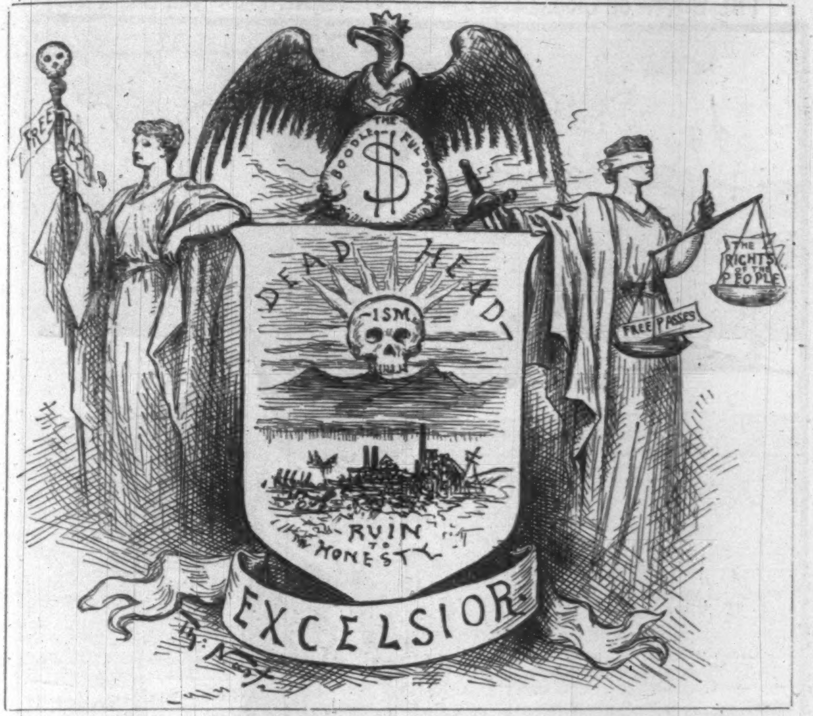

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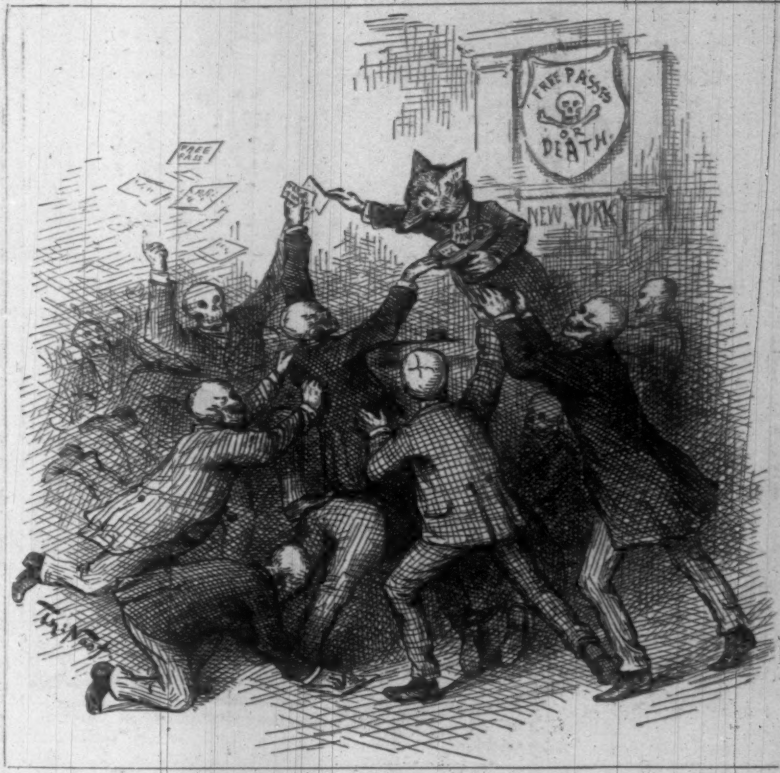

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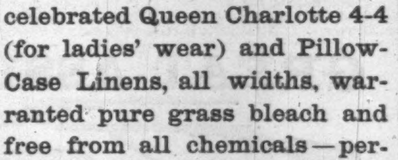

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